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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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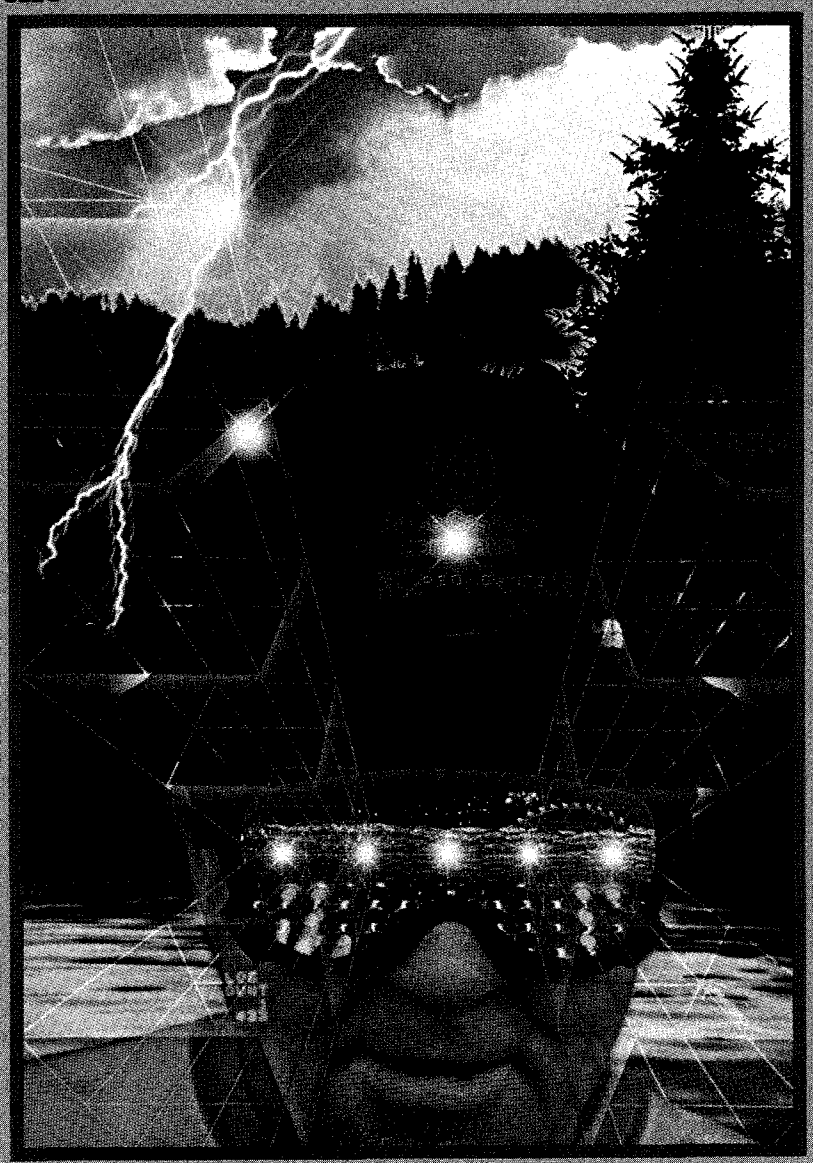

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TRB

from Washington
January 26, 1980

The New Rules

I always thought that R. W. "Johnnie" Apple Jr., of the *New York Times*, gave us Jimmy Carter for president. He accurately reported from Des Moines four years ago that long-shot Carter (the former governor of Georgia, you know) had defeated Senator Birch Bayh "by more than 2-to-1" in the Democratic Iowa caucus. It was front-page news. Jimmie Who suddenly became front-runner. To be sure, only about 10 percent of the party's eligibles participated and, of those, more voters voted "uncommitted" than for Carter. But what the hell, numbers had little to do with it! The press hurled itself on the story. Then, as now, the caucus-primary system is a two-stage wonder; first the vote, then the analysis. The press drools for live statistics, not Gallup polls. Then, as now, the press saw 10 happy months of interpretation ahead, like sports writers gleefully telling the prospects of next year's Rose Bowl. Dull for us, maybe; fun for them.

Iowa runs the kind of caucus system where, after it is explained to you, you still can't understand it. You don't pull a lever and get out in three minutes. As we all know after seeing the process repeated, you crunch in out of the snow to somebody's parlor and gather in groups in corners for various candidates. Having a majority for some one contender doesn't mean much—except in Johnnie Apple's immensely important front-page story. The Iowa selection is a four-stage sequence: the voters at the precinct caucus send delegates to county conventions, and so on up.

This has been a cruel test for Ted Kennedy. He started well ahead in the Iowa polls and ended well behind. Iran and Afghanistan gave Carter the lead. Kennedy's staff is oriented to big domestic issues. "Why didn't you discuss them?" we asked former Wisconsin governor Pat Lucey, one of the Kennedy team. "Because nobody is listening," he answered simply. The big-circulation *Reader's Digest* unleashed a Chappaquiddick story just before the Iowa polls, something about the tides in the Edgartown channel, and for two days running the presidential aspirant produced maritime experts at press conferences here to corroborate his version of the fatal accident. Alas for him. As we pointed out last July before he entered the presidential race, it is not what others say about Kennedy: there are his own anguished comments made to Massachusetts voters on TV after the accident—that he regarded his conduct (in delaying the report to the police) as "indefensible," and adding that he was overcome by his emotions, including "panic."

It is curious that after three years in office Jimmy Carter is still something of an enigma. This week he starts his fourth year, delivering his State of the Union message and his discussion of Iran and Afghanistan. In the old days the party conventions, the experienced politicians, the big contributors, the bosses, picked presidential candidates. Some were good; some were bad: a Harding and a Roosevelt. Now we have a new system. There were 17 primaries in 1968; there are 37 this year. Carter is a new kind of president produced by the new system. He saw the vulnerable point in the caucus/primary system: never mind if only a handful turn out, start your campaign early, appeal to Main Street, and if you get a toehold the press will make you front-runner.

Carter's only public office was four years in the Georgia legislature, four years as governor, never in Washington. In his campaign he poured his heart out to *Playboy* magazine. When he walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, the victor, three years ago, January 20, he was an outsider. He had made more election promises than anybody I can remember. He would reduce armaments. He would balance the budget. He would cut federal agencies from 1900 to 200. He would never, never use food as a "bargaining weapon." Bert Lance would be his budget director, and after Lance was attacked Carter felt he had been vindicated: "Bert, I'm proud of you!" Carter has achievements, too: the Panama Canal treaties, normal relations with China, the Camp David triumph with Israel and Egypt. But it has been turbulent. After three years in office only seven of his original 12 cabinet members remain. His Gallup rating last summer was only 24 percent among the Democrats. His overall rating was below his five predecessors. Kennedy was a shoo-in.

The big test of Carter comes now. His qualities of patience and restraint in the Iran affair infuriated the hawks: they wanted to invade Tehran at once—drop bombs or something. But it appealed to the great majority of the public. Some of the Carter traits that previously lowered his leadership rating now suddenly raised it. The turnaround was unprecedented. It discomfited political opponents. Now comes Afghanistan.

Is Carter's justifiable anger with Russia a permanent change of attitude? Sometimes he speaks as though he had had a conversion, been born again; at other times he speaks of the SALT II agreement which was the fruit of detente and which, he says, he has merely shelved, not scrapped for good. A great deal for the world now hangs on this curious man: on his composure, his stability, his endurance. Washington is a tempting place for theatrics now. I confess I am worried by all the men I see rushing by with drawn swords. The doomsday clock of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists in San Francisco has moved from nine to seven minutes before midnight, symbolizing the editors' belief that the world has moved closer to nuclear disaster.

Does our new political system, our new kind of president, produce a man who can lead the nation to take unpopular courses? I believe the US must—repeat must—end its dependence on oil from the volatile Middle East. It is almost certain that before the year is out there will be a new oil crunch. We still have neither a tax to cut consumption nor an effective rationing plan. Carter has authority to impose rationing if the shortage reaches 20 percent (he wants it at five percent). He might have used Afghanistan to move in the energy crisis. He didn't. There isn't much time left.

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Correspondence

Catholic thinking

To the editors:

The case of Hans Küng is a matter of truth in labeling ("Scared Theology," *TNR*, January 5 & 12, 1980). Nothing will happen to Fr. Küng—in this world—except what happened to the modernist bishop in C.S.Lewis's *The Great Divorce*. He will get increased publicity, popularity, and sales for his books. But those who care about the content of Catholic teaching will know that his views are not compatible with it.

Tubingen is not a Catholic university, but it has a faculty of Catholic theology which can award canonically recognized degrees. Although this situation is common in Europe, it is rare in the United States, which may explain some of the confusion over exactly what happened. Fr. Küng has not been excommunicated, nor even deprived of the exercise of his priesthood. But he can no longer teach under the "canonical mission of teaching" extended to the faculty of Catholic theology at Tubingen.

Professor Marty says that Fr. Küng's book *On Being a Christian* "enabled its followers to remain Catholic, to love the tradition." But being a Catholic is more than just "loving the tradition." It involves, among other things, accepting "the faith which has been once and for all entrusted to the saints" (Jude 1:3).

Martin W. Helgesen
Melverne, New York

Sporting mustache

To the editors:

No "president with a mustache since Theodore Roosevelt" (Washington Diarist, *TNR*, January 5 & 12, 1980)? How about his amiable successor, William Howard Taft, described in your magazine by Felix Frankfurter as "a bad President, but a good sport"?

J. Merton England
Wahington, DC

What is Carter to do?

To the editors:

It is obvious *The New Republic* is not in Carter's camp but for all the wrong reasons.

Your anti-Carter editorial ("Jimmy the Cynic," *TNR*, December 15, 1979) claiming Carter failed on his promises is hogwash. Jimmy did in fact make our present government as good as the American people; unfortunately American people are not what they used to be. As for Carter not getting along with Congress and thus hampering legislation beneficial to the US: here I say "bull" also. Jimmy has been nothing but honest and cooperative to Congress. It's just that Congress is too busy bartering off its votes to the highest bidder in the interest group circuit instead of thinking about what's best for America.

As for the 13.5 percent inflation rate, what is Carter supposed to do when OPEC jacks prices up 33 percent and Congress is busy filibustering a debate on such important action as the windfall profits tax and energy development programs crucial to US independence from OPEC and helpful in a major slash of inflation?

Warren Rosenberg
New York, New York

Joint custody

To the editors:

Stanley Kauffmann's review of *Kramer vs. Kramer* (*TNR*, December 22, 1979) gives well-deserved praise to the quality of the film's acting. In addition to being dramatically compelling, the movie raises important questions about child custody and the American legal system.

The average viewer probably leaves *Kramer vs. Kramer* emotionally drained, feeling that there must be a better way to resolve child custody issues. Joint custody is, in many cases, a better way. Joint custody can take a variety of forms. A critical ingredient is shared legal custody, whereby all important decisions regarding the child (or children) are made by both parents concurrently. The assumption is that most divorced or separated parents still agree on basic child-rearing concepts.

Joint custody also usually entails joint physical custody, where the child rotates living with each parent according to a fixed schedule. A common interval is one week; the child lives with one parent for three days and the other parent for four days a week.

Joint custody can temper the abnormally close relationship between child and sole custodian as well as the abnormally distant relation between the child and the non-custodial parent. It can provide the parents with a more suitable balance of time with and without the children. Joint custody more closely approximates the intact nuclear family, and it gives the child the benefit of two parents' guidance and experience. Perhaps most important, joint custody eliminates the adversarial process from child custody decisions. It removes the "all or nothing" results of a sole custody disposition, and prevents mud-slinging hearings such as the one in *Kramer vs. Kramer*.

Joint custody is by no means an elixir; few deep wounds will heal without leaving a scar. But joint custody does seem to be a rational step for many families. Given the objective attitudes of the Kramers at the end of the film, they would appear to be prime candidates for a joint custody arrangement.

David Miller
Denver, Colorado

Don't be fair to Ronnie

To the editors:

I think Morton Kondracke went out of his way to be fair to Ronald Reagan ("Ronnie's No Barry," *TNR*, December 1, 1979). But that's the trouble: Reagan has always gotten away with murder. What the American public needs is someone to warn them about this charlatan before it is too late.

Reagan is a phony and divisive leader. He is just a product of polls, coaches, cue cards, clichés, jingoism, acting tricks, and demagoguery. He really is not overly bright. I wish that someone would do a thorough investigation of him and his record here in California. His administration was riddled with errors and controversy.

He would be an absolute disaster in the White House and, the way things are going, he could get there. So it's time to quit being "fair" to Ronald Reagan. He has never been fair to us.

Mrs. Charles Bey
Redwood City, California

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke's piece ("Ronnie's No Barry," *TNR*, December 1, 1979) is very fair. Since I am quite impersonal in these matters (I take my beliefs seriously, not myself), I had a chuckle over the statement that "Reagan had to depend heavily on the kooky fringe of the GOP, on the likes of Jesse Helms, Phil Crane, Richard Viguerie, Meldrim Thomson, and William Loeb. Loeb is still abroad in New Hampshire, but the rest of the wild bunch have decided Reagan isn't

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conservative enough."

Over the years I have laughed at the refusal of so many liberals to ever look at the *Manchester Union Leader* or me impartially instead of through slanted eyeglasses. I have turned all of my stock in the company, some 75 percent, to a trust, and the papers are now being operated for the benefit of the employees. All the profits go to the employees. After my death and that of Mrs. Loeb, the trustees of this trust, all executives at the paper, will manage the trust in the same fashion, for the benefit of the employees. After the death of the next-to-last trustee, the stock will be distributed among the employees.

If you call that a reactionary position, I would indeed have to smile. So many of you liberals don't understand that some of us have just as much interest in the welfare of mankind as the most bleeding-heart liberals. Our disagreement with the liberals is that their methods simply have not worked. In some cases, all they've really done is build up a tremendous bureaucracy where many people make a very good living for themselves, while telling the world they are ostensibly interested only in the poor.

William Loeb, President
Manchester Union Leader
Manchester, New Hampshire

America's role in the world

To the editors:

Your December 8, 1979 issue was exceptionally good from start to . . . well, almost to finish. The one discordant note was the Washington Diarist by Stephen Chapman.

In addition to a lot of ill-conceived blather about America's position in the world, Mr. Chapman included a most startling insight—to wit, that any tyrant supported by the United States will *inevitably* be overthrown in due course by his own people.

Does the State Department know about this? Spread the word. Let's start giving giving our fullest support to the Soviet Union, to the ayatollah, to the Red Chinese, etc.

Mona Charen
New York, New York

To the editors:

The TRB column has been the main reason for my continued subscription to *TNR*. Now I have another good reason: Stephen Chapman's Washington Diarist in the December 8 issue and the willingness of *TNR* to print it.

Chapman's realistic review of CIA involvement in the affairs of foreign governments and his willingness to speak out is good. The American people should be made aware of the situation.

Henry Herigstad
Cooperstown, North Dakota

Still not for Sale

To the editors:

William Pritchard, a friend of Roger Sale's, and a colleague to whom Sale has dedicated work of his, simply feels differently about the value of Sale's work than I do (Correspondence, *TNR*, January 5 & 12, 1980). Surely there is nothing mysterious about this.

Joyce Carol Oates
Princeton, New Jersey

'Pop' for the people

To the editors:

In his review of Peter Clarke's *Liberals and Social Democrats* (*TNR*, December 29, 1979) Henry Fairlie identifies a very important and rarely mentioned reason for liberal disenchantment, and then, it seems to me, misrepresents and evades the problem. After noting the early liberals' concern about the "spiritual and cultural impoverishment" of workers, Mr. Fairlie writes that after 1945 the survivors' "real objection was to the 'popular culture' with which the working class was being saddled."

No one has "saddled" the working class with popular culture. Soap operas, detective fantasies, rock and disco, sports spectaculars, astrology, hard and soft porn, evangelism, "romantic FM," and simplistic rhetoric are freely chosen by the multitudes, and the result of these choices is popular culture. If the majority were indeed saddled by a clever cabal of hucksters, the political implications would be disturbing. However, when the majority freely chooses regression, bathos, and inanity, the political implications are even more disturbing—sufficiently so to turn an old liberal into a "pessimistic quietist," to use Mr. Fairlie's wonderfully accurate expression.

Charles Fink
New London, Connecticut

Psychiatric abuse

To the editors:

Were it not for the fact that I was a victim of psychiatric abuse in New York Hospital during the mid-1960s, where I was incarcerated against my will and deprived of the benefits of legal counsel for a period of nine months, during which time I was subdued with thorazine and subjected to a series of 20 electric shock treatments and designated by the "maddoctors" (to use Dr. Thomas Szasz's term) as a "psychotic" and a "schizophrenic," then I would not write this letter to protest Dr. Krauthammer's recent forays in your magazine (Correspondence, *TNR*, December 29, 1979).

In his letter he gives frequent play to the term "trivialization"—which is precisely what the doctors at New York Hospital made of my protests that they had no proper business doing what they did to me. There were, in the 1960s, when deferments from the draft were at a premium, frequent abuses in psychiatric hospitals-detention centers—of this I'm certain. The allegations contained in Dr. Peter Sterling's article ("Psychiatry's Drug Addiction," *TNR*, December 8, 1979, which I have witnessed, and everything I learned of Dr. Thomas Szasz's views in Krauthammer's article ("The Myth of Thomas Szasz," *TNR*, December 22, 1979) ring true for me. Dr. Krauthammer, on the other hand, recalled to me the feelings of terror provoked by the unnatural smugness of the doctors who victimized me 15 years ago. Particularly, I feel that he himself trivializes the prevalence of psychiatric abuse, which for me, of course, is an issue of worrisome concern because I know, having been inside the walls of a psychiatric prison, that shams and deceits existed there that would amaze the directors of Blue Cross.

H. Rabe Cohen
Eagle Point, Oregon

Bourbon diatribe

To the editors:

Your catalogue of Carter's Iranian sins reads like a Bourbon diatribe ("The Limits of Restraint," *TNR*, January 5 & 12, 1980). You ignore the most important fact of all, that our all-out support of the shah has converted the Iranian people into our bitter enemies. Thus has the Dulles-Kissinger policy of power politics come tumbling down like a house of cards. Thus have we betrayed the faith we were born to profess: man's inalienable right to justice everywhere on earth.

You ignore Russia's fear that we might take military action in Iran. They have beaten us to the punch. You ignore

(continued on page 40)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Cover: "TV Murder" in a hotel on the Croisette. Cannes 1975. Photo by Helmut Newton from White Women, *Congreve Publishing Company Inc., 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York. Article on page 19.*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 26, 1980

Mending Broken Wings

Late in his life, Walter Lippmann wrote that the three major reform movements in this century—the progressive movement, the New Deal, and the Great Society—all had collapsed under the distracting and divisive pressures of war and international crises. This melancholy pattern seemed to be unfolding in an unusually dramatic way last week when President Carter announced, on the one hand, what he called his "major domestic initiative" of the coming year—an innovative jobs program for unemployed youth—while, on the other hand, he also declared that the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has plunged the country into the worst crisis "since the Second World War." Already, following the seizure of our citizens in Tehran, Carter had committed his administration to seeking a large increase in defense spending next year. The Afghan crisis almost certainly will give impetus to even more defense spending, while transfixing press and public attention on what many observers are calling a second cold war. Thus even as the jobs program was being announced, the auguries for its long-term success were not good; Lippmann's Law seemed to be at work right from the moment of its birth.

It would be a tragedy heaped on a calamity if the ominous turn in Soviet-American relations were to derail or delay this new program, because it is the most thoughtful and promising social measure proposed from the White House in a decade. Developed by Vice President Mondale's Task Force on Youth Employment after a study of existing federal, state, and local job programs, the new program is not a piece of *a priori* social engineering. Rather, it is a pastiche of approaches to the jobs problem that have worked in various local experiments around the country. In conception it is pragmatic, and in spirit it is more flexible than the centralized jobs programs of the 1960s. It is designed to have broad appeal among such diverse constituencies as blacks, educators, and private employers. At the same time, the program is clearly in the interest of all Americans, since it addresses the grave and continuing national crisis of youth unemployment, which runs as high as 35 percent among black teenagers and also is terrifyingly high among Hispanic and white youths, especially the growing number who drop out of school. The program would try to prepare these unemployed teenagers for the skilled white-collar labor market of the 1980s. Its centerpiece, necessarily, is education.

The federal government has been fairly lavish with money for elementary education, but it provides little financial support for the nation's junior and senior high schools. If approved by Congress, the new jobs program would correct this imbalance. For fiscal 1981 it would provide $150 million in planning funds for the 3000 poorest school districts in the nation, rural and urban. By 1982 it would add two billion dollars to the four billion already invested in federal youth programs.

These 3000 school boards would use the money for a novel educational purpose: to teach high school students (and dropouts, who could enroll in alternative schools) to read and write. The new program thus clearly meets a complaint that employers have been making for years—that a high school diploma is no guarantee of functional literacy. It would earmark funds for retraining history and science teachers to teach the distinct skills of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The remedial course would be tough; students would not be allowed to participate in the work part of the program unless they first had passed a stiff series of tests. Employment counselors—the only new bureaucrats envisioned by this lean plan—would be hired to place prepared students in part-time work-

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study jobs with local businesses or, in areas like the South Bronx where there is no private sector, with public agencies.

For businesses, a variety of incentives would be made available to ease the burden of taking on raw, undisciplined employees. In response to another perennial employer complaint, the new program is designed to require much less pettifogging paperwork.

This combination of private incentives and educational innovations is intended to appeal to Congress; backers of the plan say congressional approval could come as soon as late spring.

In his announcement speech last Thursday, Carter departed from his prepared text to speak with what appeared to be genuine emotion about the hopelessness facing unemployed young people. His speech ended with an appropriate quotation from Langston Hughes: "Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly." The Carter administration's new program will not enable barely literate teenagers to soar, but it may fix a few broken wings.

Recess Is Over

President Carter says that the Afghan crisis represents the greatest threat to peace since World War II, but his responses to it have been schoolyard stuff. He is whining that Russia, once his chum, has turned into a bad bully. And so he won't share his lunch anymore (the grain embargo), won't loan his pocket calculator (the technology ban), and will get all the other boys together (at the United Nations) to say bad things about Russia. Oh yes, and if the Soviets don't stop beating up Afghanistan by the middle of next month, Carter will employ his ultimate punishment: the United States will refuse to come to Moscow's big softball game next summer.

We favor the grain embargo, the technology transfer ban, the condemnation at the UN, and a boycott of the Moscow Olympics (and the holding of an alternative pageant elsewhere). But these are token or symbolic responses to a potentially grave situation. By itself, Afghanistan is not that important. The danger is that the Soviets will use Afghanistan as a stepping-off point for destabilizing—or actually attacking—neighboring areas that *are* important, specifically Pakistan and Iran. India, under the wicked witch of the East, Indira Gandhi, already has signaled that it is ready to return to the pro-Soviet orbit. North Yemen is making its peace—even talking about a union—with militantly Marxist South Yemen. If Pakistan is neutralized or gradually subverted, and Iran flies apart, with the Soviets ready to catch the pieces, our Persian Gulf allies and their oil treasure will be surrounded. They will have to decide whether to make their separate deals with Russia, and so will Europe and Japan.

The danger is imminent, not theoretical. The Soviet Union has 100,000 troops in Afghanistan, harassed by disorganized handfuls of Moslem tribesmen who seek refuge and obtain arms (some from the United States, we hope) across the Khyber Pass in Pakistan. What's to prevent the Soviets from bombing the sanctuaries in Pakistan, or sending in commandoes by helicopter over the pass to wipe out Afghan camps? Pakistan's president, Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, says that Pakistan will fight, but the *Washington Post* quotes the military governor of West Pakistan as saying his country could not defend the area. President Carter is talking about big military and economic aid to Pakistan, but that will take months to be effective. Congress needs to approve the transfer, since Pakistan has refused to sign the nuclear non-proliferation treaty. Then the equipment would have to be ferried over, and Pakistan's army trained to use it. We think the administration should demand that Pakistan sign the NPT as the price of getting our aid. But *right now* we should get American fighter airplanes, with American pilots, into Pakistan. This will tell the Soviet Union: step across the border, and you are fighting the United States. This will also tell Pakistan and our allies that we are ready to go to war to stop Soviet expansion. Nothing else will work.

From Afghanistan too the Soviets are in position to encourage separatist activity in Beluchistan, whose tribesmen chafe at the central authorities in Pakistan and Iran. A pro-Soviet Beluchistan would give the Soviets their long-sought goal, a warm-water naval port. But what's important is not the water's temperature, but the port's location. Chah Bahar is situated on the Gulf of Oman, just 200 miles from the Straits of Hormuz, through which passes most of the free world's oil supplies. The United States long ago should have been trying to gain—or buy—influence with the Beluchis. If it is too late to enlist tribesmen of ours to fight tribesmen of *theirs*, then we will have to position a naval task force, with Marines, to seize Chah Bahar rather than let it fall into Soviet hands.

The Soviets also have forces massed along Iran's northern borders ready—if the opportunity presents itself—to return to the province of Azerbaijan, from which they were expelled in 1946 under American threats. The Soviets are simultaneously threatening Iran's cohesiveness and currying favor with the Ayatollah Khomeini by vetoing UN sanctions over the embassy hostage crisis. The ayatollah is beyond reason, but we need to tell him now: "Let our hostages go, or face a blockade that will damage your economy and make your nation ripe for Soviet picking. Let our hostages go, and we will help defend you against the Soviets." If the ayatollah refuses, and if the Soviets begin tearing Iran apart, we should be prepared to seize the part of Iran that is important to us: its oil fields and especially the Iranian oil depot on Kharg Island.

We should immediately take up the sultan of Oman's offer to create US bases in his country, which lies on the southern coast of the Gulf of Oman. The offer has been

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pending for months, but the United States has hesitated, apparently because Saudi Arabia was skittish. We should understand by this time that the Saudis are *always* skittish. We should do what we need to do, and let them adjust. Otherwise, they will adjust to a Soviet-instigated reality.

Some of our readers will be astounded at our suggestions: *risk war over Afghanistan*? We invite readers to look at a map of the Middle East and see what opportunities the Soviets now have, unless deterred, to cause chaos in the industrialized world, and among the poor as well. We invite Jimmy Carter to do the same, and to begin doing something effective about it.

White House Watch

Hedley the Don

Before Hedley Donovan agreed last July to join the White House staff as "a Senior Adviser to the President" who would (Press Secretary Jody Powell said) "provide substantive advice on the full range of matters before the President," and in a conversation at the White House when he came aboard in August, Donovan reached three explicit understandings with Carter. The first understanding was that Donovan would do no politicking for the President and would stay out of the campaign for renomination and reelection in 1980. The second understanding was that Donovan would not be asked to do any media or public relations work for Carter in the sense of trying to persuade journalists to say and do or not say and do this or that. The third understanding was that Donovan would be an adviser without portfolio or assignment to any particular area or function.

Carter asked that the second understanding be qualified in one respect. Donovan had succeeded Henry Luce as editor-in-chief of *Time* and other Luce magazines in 1964. When Donovan retired from Time Inc. last summer at its customary age 65, he was among the most respected editors in the US. Carter therefore asked, and Donovan agreed, that the President would be free to seek his advice on how this or that action, policy, speech, or statement would fly with the media generally and with particular publications and individuals. Donovan's qualifications as a wise and prestigious journalist were among the reasons why Clark Clifford, Sol Linowitz, and a gaggle of other veteran wisies urged Carter in early July, when he had them and many others up to Camp David to show him the way out of his dumps, to hire Donovan if Donovan could be had. Washington lawyer Lloyd Cutler, now Carter's staff counsel, was also brought into the White Hosue in the aftermath of the Camp David prayer meetings. He and Donovan work together on many matters.

Donovan's continuing connection with Time Inc. should be noted. Somebody in today's fevered climate probably will try to make a scandal of it. There is no scandal. Time Inc. supports Donovan handsomely in retirement after his long service as writer and editor. The US government pays him nothing. He's at the White House on what years ago was called a "dollar a year" basis and now is styled "without compensation." He pays $500 a month for one room of Time Inc.'s two bedroom and living room suite at the Watergate apartments. The suite is for sale. Donovan usually weekends at his home near New York City and flies, free, to and from Washington in a Time Inc. jet. The company directors require its senior executives to travel that way for security reasons and have authorized Donovan to continue the practice. Part of his retirement arrangement was that he'd put in about 10 days a month as an editorial consultant. Now he serves some two to four days a month and is paid. He says, and I believe, that he never mixes Time Inc. and White House business. Time Inc. correspondents in Washington say they get no special favors from Donovan.

One of the few things that can be said with certainty about Donovan's work is that he and the President have adhered strictly to the agreed limitations. Donovan wants it understood and said in anything reported about him that he never but never discusses with journalists and others outside the White House staff the substance of his advice to and dealings with the President. In a White House establishment where confidentiality in its traditional meaning is less respected than it used to be, Donovan respects it totally. All that Donovan's colleagues on the President's senior staff know about what passes between him and Carter is what Carter chooses to tell them. The President occasionally quotes to others on his staff excerpts from Donovan memos or scraps from his and Donovan's conversations.

Back when Rosalynn Carter was being plugged as a valued adviser to the President, staff stories of the President's marginal references to her on memos ("Ros, what think?"; "I'll ask Ros about this") abounded. Now that it's thought politically wise to play down Rosalynn as an adviser and play her up as a surrogate campaigner and money-raiser, it's said that the President never did mention her often in that way. He did. Anyhow, no assistant known to me has seen any such references by Carter to Donovan. Given Mrs. Carter's known liking to be with her Jimmy when he's with his thinkers, one might have expected her to be present at some of Carter's fairly frequent meetings with Donovan—averaging three a month on schedule, more often when Donovan asks appointments secretary Phil Wise to arrange an unscheduled meeting. Not so, it's said at the White House. Rosalynn has attended only one of Carter's meetings with Donovan. This was when the President and Donovan firmed up plans to establish a

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presidential commission to define national goals for the 1980s. The commission is Donovan's idea and project. Announcing it was the occasion for his only appearance so far in the White House press room.

One of the few other acknowledged Donovan contributions was his advice to Carter on how to handle the flap over the report that the Soviets had secretly stationed a combat brigade in Cuba. What Donovan advised is unknown. He and Cutler assembled some veteran unofficial counselors, many of whom had been at Camp David in July and all of whom were around when John Kennedy dealt with the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. Donovan was the host until Carter joined the group. The President in the end accepted the Soviet explanation of what he'd first said was unacceptable. The episode is not remembered as a triumph for Carter. Cutler and Donovan are known to think the President (and they) handled it as well as it could be handled and that marshalling the collective 1962 memory of the assembled advisers was helpful to Carter. There is a discernible suspicion approaching belief at the White House that a misreading of an intelligence photograph of Soviet ground troops in Cuba precipitated the affair.

The only announced Donovan activities, other than the 1980 goals commission and the late Cuban business, are his attendance at a weekly breakfast with the President's chief foreign policy advisers and his scheduled meeting, a little less often than once a week, alone with the President. The only meeting at which he is actually heard and seen to participate is the Friday foreign policy breakfast. There he does have things to say. What he says remains secret. Since our Tehran embassy was seized and the American hostages were taken last November 4, Donovan has regularly attended the 9 a.m. daily meetings of Zbigniew Brzezinski's Special Coordination Committee, the inter-agency group through which Brzezinski tries to dominate the foreign policy-national security community. Donovan is known to think it's extremely well run, extremely useful to the President, a no-nonsense group and operation. He never has been heard to open his mouth at these meetings. He also never was known to speak at meetings he often attended in December. They were the meetings at which federal agencies appealed adverse budget decisions to Carter. Donovan's silent presence at various meetings puzzles many others there. He's big, tall, massive—a lot of person to be just sitting there, listening. People wonder, *what the hell?* It's no puzzle, really. Donovan considers most of the meetings he attends, a few with and most without Carter, to be learning experiences. They educate him, they fuel him with points that he may raise to Carter in memos, by telephone, or in person. They are where and that is how much of his work for the President is done. Donovan, usually silent, also attends Cabinet meetings and, others on the senior staff say, some National Security Council meetings at Carter's invitation. Donovan is unaware that he's ever been invited to or attended an NSC meeting. It's conceivable to him that the people who attend the foreign policy meetings are so often the same people that he could have been at a few NSC meetings without knowing it.

How useful is "Hedley the Don," as old friends at Time Inc. call him? How is his assignment working out? It was understood from the start that he came aboard on a trial basis. One is told that the arrangement is still "somewhat open ended." Donovan refuses to say to what extent, if any, he has contributed to the hardening Carter line on national security and to the President's personal efforts with small press groups to get across the fact that his line *has* hardened. Answering questions about that, Donovan says, would get him into the substance of his advice to the President. Jody Powell and his chief deputy, Ray Jenkins, have put together a couple of press groups that were asked in to hear Carter hold forth without quotation. Donovan had nothing to do with these arrangements as such. I'm sure, without knowing, that he's had much to do with bringing Carter around both to the harder line and to the cautious qualifications, the clingings to restraint, that continue to delimit the new line.

When Brzezinski's press spokesman, Jerrold Schecter, was asked whether Brzezinski values Donovan's presence and counsel, Schecter answered instantly, "Very much so." When Jody Powell as Carter's spokesman was asked an equivalent question, he said he'd rather put the question to Carter and relay the President's answer. Forty-eight hours and two promptings later, no answer had been relayed. It probably didn't mean a thing. My favorite answer to questions of that sort was from a senior assistant who sees more of the President and of Donovan than most White House people do.

Question: "Do you get the impression that Donovan is being useful to the President?"

Answer: "I do. But I have to assume that he is because he participates in so many important meetings with the President. I don't participate in those meetings so I don't know what Hedley's contribution is."

John Osborne

The War Powers Resolution and the Iranian crisis.

What Carter Can't Do

The Carter administration clearly is contemplating the use of military force against Iran in the event the hostages are harmed. There has been some public debate about the wisdom of such action, but virtually none about whether a unilateral presidential decision to use force would be constitutional or legal under American law. In fact, in the situation now facing the

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nation, wisdom and legality are integrally related.

The governing law here is the War Powers Resolution of 1973, which was intended to clarify the ambiguity left by the Constitution on the locus of the war-making power in the American political system. Under that law, the president is clearly prohibited from using force today in Iran without specific, prior authorization of Congress. Section 2(c) of the law authorizes the president unilaterally to commit US military forces "into hostilities, or situations where imminent involvement in hostilities is clearly indicated by the circumstances," but *only* in "a national emergency created by attack upon the United States, its territories or possessions, or its armed forces." In all other cases, the president must go to Congress either for a declaration of war or a specific statutory authorization to use force.

The intent of Congress in passing this law was to limit the unilateral use of force by the president to cases where time was of the essence. A retaliatory attack on Iran in the event of harm to the hostages falls outside the deliberately narrow circumstances envisioned by the law. First, the president would not be responding to an ongoing attack but would be punishing a past one or seeking to deter similar attacks elsewhere. Second, the earlier Iranian attack on the US embassy was not an attack on US territory. Contrary to the common assumption, under the international law US embassies abroad, though inviolable under the principle of diplomatic immunity, are not American territory. Third, threatened or actual harm to hostages, grave as it would be, is not the kind of national emergency envisaged by the law. And finally, in retaliatory attacks there is no critical urgency that would preclude congressional deliberation and debate.

We are not talking about "mere legalism" here, important as that is in a country which purports to be governed by the rule of law. We need to recall the underlying purpose of the War Powers Resolution, which was (as the preamble states) "to fulfill the intent of the framers of the Constitution . . . and insure that the collective judgment of both the Congress and the President will apply" wherever force is used. The use of force against Iran, whatever the provocation, could set in motion a chain of events in the Middle East and elsewhere that would have incalculable consequences for the national security and economic health of the United States. This is not to prejudge the question of whether force should be used, but merely to note that it is precisely in such circumstances that we sorely need "collective judgment," arrived at after full and public debate, rather than the private judgment of a handful of people in the executive branch, arrived at in secret and presented as a *fait accompli* to the rest of the country.

James Slater

James Slater is professor of political science at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

A new International Brigade.

March on Death

What is the good of talking again, simply and uselessly, of the terrifying hell in which the people of Cambodia have been living for five years? What can be said that hasn't already been said a hundred times of the unspeakable torment, the vast crowds of beggars who are quietly dying there, very far away in distant Asia under the Vietnamese boot? With what words and with what language of the living or the dead can we speak of the drama of the living dead, methodically subjected to famine outside of the warehouses where most international supplies are stored?

The truth is, I fear, that at this extremity of horror, language has altogether lost its right to speak. At this point of unprecedented misery, the time of virtuous speeches and verbose indignation is very nearly past. In the face of the absolute will to murder, whose rituals and symptoms are displayed every day, the time has come to shift gears and to take action.

This is the meaning of the initiative undertaken just before Christmas by the French organization *Médecins Sans Frontières*, for a "March for Survival" from Thailand toward the Cambodian border in order to "bring down the barriers which are preventing us from helping people in danger of dying." This is the meaning of the mobilization of its membership, undertaken, in turn, by the recently founded *Action Internationale Contre La Faim* (AICF, 13 rue d'Uzef, Paris 75002). Some of its local committees will "adopt" a precise locality in Cambodia, will obtain from their municipality a solemn declaration of "twinning," and will present themselves to the border authorities, armed with food or medicine to be brought to their "twin" city. This is also the meaning of the appeal addressed today to political and union figures, to intellectuals and artists of Europe and the United States. Beyond their ideological and partisan quarrels, beyond the excessive and banal signing of petitions, they are being asked to make a real commitment, a concrete presence, a *physical* pressure at the gates of the death camps.

Recently *Nahn Dan*, Hanoi's *Pravda*, wrote of Cambodia, "the situation is highly satisfactory and radiant." Well, let there be many of us, as many as possible, next February 5, between Aranyaprathet and Poipet, and let us ask to observe. Let us demand to investigate. Let us

Coming:
Morton Halperin on
Unleashing the CIA.

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even propose to *admire* the brilliant and "radiant" situation whose praises are so prettily sung. I doubt, it goes without saying, that the gates will open wide before us merely because we say "open sesame." I do not know, no one can yet know, how the march will be received on the spot, even if the Thai government authorizes it to traverse Thai territory. I don't even know if this sort of enterprise is entirely in conformity with the civilized order of international law, and particularly with its sacrosanct rule of "non-intervention in the internal affairs of states." But at least I know, on the other hand, what this rule is worth, the abjectness it implies, and the complacency it conceals. This rule has been used often in our time to bless cannibalistic states that openly, with impunity, and *sovereignly* dispose of their own populations. But I am certain, simply, that the time has come to reestablish in the world, in its most desolate corner, the principles of an entirely different internationalism: the internationalism of human rights and of help for the tortured. I think it is vital in this situation of extreme urgency, when an entire people is moving down the steps to a mass grave, to test once again, against the cruel reality of accommodation among the powers, the legitimate and imperative *duty of interference* which throughout the century in the West, as well as in the East, has been at the heart of the most exalted resistence.

So why not say it? In the end, despite the obvious distinctions, the idea of *Médecins Sans Frontières* is not very different from the idea that—at the dawn of the present age—inspired the creation of the famous International Brigade, bringing the voice of hope to the skies of Barcelona, Toledo, and Madrid. Of course for arms this new brigade will have only 20 truckloads of rice. In case the mission fails this rice will be distributed half to the refugee camps and half to the Thai peasants of the region. The shock troops of this new brigade will be teams of doctors and nurses with bare hands. Some of them are already there, and they have been waiting in vain for weeks for the right to enter Cambodia and to exercise their vocation in that country. Nor will their objective be to overthrow the established government in order to set up another one. More modestly, it will be to save bodies, nothing but bodies, all the bodies that on that day can still be saved and rescued from the night that is burying them, one by one. But even so, though danger and death are absent, the action is similar. Without the heroism of their predecessors, these brigades for food and medicine nevertheless are inspired by the same thought. It is in the direct line of an identical *anti-fascism* that they will once again set off on their "march" for the survival of the Khmer people. It *also* depends on us, in other words, that Cambodia not be the Spanish Civil War, or the prelude to what followed, the Auschwitz of the coming decade.

This is, indeed, the danger, and these are the stakes that oblige us to act. Isn't it enough to know how to count, just simply to count—*add up*, in other words, the number of dead bodies—to understand that the Cambodian tragedy involves something entirely different from the banal war of conquest? How many new refugees, how many other mass graves will we need before we dare look directly at the atrocious reality of the new-style final solution? When will our ears be sharp enough to hear the murmur of the obscure and tumultuous prophecy that whispers to us, suggests to us, that the century has little, very little, chance of coming to an end without another holocaust—an hallucinatory image of the first one? The single distinction will be that this time we know, we will know, we will have known, and that with complete lucidicty we will have chosen, again, to have eyes that do not see and ears that do not hear.

In 1945 when the stupefied West discovered the still warm ashes of Dachau and Buchenwald, some, you remember, played the little game of ignorance and innocence. In 1985, if the same West perhaps discovers the cemeteries in Battambang, Siem Reap, or Phnom Penh, it will have to agree, openly and directly, that it had full knowledge when it washed its hands of all the Cambodian flesh gone up in ashes and dust. So, to all those who reject this prospect, to all those who are repelled in advance by the necessity of one day finding words to express the shame of having accepted consciously the torture chambers and the deliberate famine, to all those I ask that they be present with us on February 5 on the border between Thailand and Cambodia, dying Cambodia.

Bernard-Henri Lévy

Bernard-Henri Lévy, the leader of the French school of "new philosophers," is the author of *Barbarism with a Human Face* (Harper & Row) and *Testament of God*, to be published this fall by Harper & Row. This article was translated from the French by George Holoch.

. . . if it snows, says our prognosticator.

Bush by a Hair

Des Moines

You already know—or will shortly—who won the Republican caucuses in Iowa on January 21. Writing beforehand, I don't. But if it turns out that former CIA director George Bush has scored a fantastic upset over Ronald Reagan, or if Bush finishes a close second—which would also be a remarkable come-from-behind achievement—I think a single piece of paper might prove to have been the decisive factor.

Rich Bond, Bush's 29-year-old state campaign director, calculated early this month that when evening fell on January 21, Republicans in Iowa might still be

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confused about exactly where to go at 8 p.m. to cast their presidential preference votes. The 2531 precinct caucuses are held in 1536 locations around the state—some precincts double up in the same place—and the caucus sites are often not the same as a voter's normal election-day polling place. They might be in a local school, lodge hall, church basement, or in somebody's living room. In fact, 678 of the Republican caucuses will take place in private homes. Iowa law requires that precinct locations be listed in local newspapers before the caucuses, but Bond figured that voters might miss the notice, mislay the paper, or, most likely, be uncertain what precinct they live in. So Rich Bond devised a "caucus kit" to be mailed out to every person who had been identified as a George Bush supporter, telling him or her on one sheet exactly where to go on January 21, and also listing the names of friends and neighbors who are fellow Bush supporters whom they might call for a ride.

Bush's kits were going out two weeks before the election, and last week volunteers were telephoning the recipients to ask if they got them, if they could be depended upon to show up on the 21st, and whom they would bring with them. All the names were put on a file card, and on January 19, in a final telephone blitz, the campaign planned to call everyone back for a reminder and final urging to turn out for sure. By caucus day, Bond said, every Bush supporter will have been called or personally contacted four times. By contrast, the Reagan campaign has been planning to phone its supporters twice—once to identify him or her as pro-Reagan, and once more to tell him or her where to go on the 21st. Not only were the Reagan contacts less numerous, but they were not as early. Reagan workers were still scrambling as late as the last week before the caucuses to compile lists of the locations, and they had no plans to send each of their supporters a piece of paper telling him or her where to be.

Bush's get-out-the-vote effort is in keeping with his whole campaign effort in Iowa—fast, thorough, intensive, and imaginative. Reagan's, by contrast, has been late, slow, and cautious. In June and July the Reagan campaign made 10,000 sample phone calls to Iowa Republicans, found 3500 who would state a presidential preference, and delightedly discovered that 90 percent said they were for Reagan. Reagan's confidence was bolstered by a *Des Moines Register* poll in August showing that 48 percent of Iowa Republicans favored him for president, as against 23 percent for his nearest rival, Tennessee senator Howard Baker. In that poll, Bush got one percent.

The Reagan campaign laid off for the summer and fall. Local Republican organizations held dozens of speech-and-chili suppers and fundraisers around the state at which not a single Reagan representative was present, even to pass out bumperstickers and campaign buttons. Bond, who arrived in the state in June, saw to it that a Bush representative was at them all. Often it was Bush himself or his wife, Barbara, who between them have visited 86 of Iowa's 99 counties. Bush spent 21 campaign days in Iowa in 1979, compared to 15 hours for Reagan. Such is Reagan's breadth of support, however, that an early December *Des Moines Register* poll showed him with 50 percent support among Iowa Republicans, to 12 percent for Bush, 11 percent for Baker, and 12 percent for John Connally.

Despite the statewide poll result, Reagan suffered a number of setbacks in the fall in straw votes held by county GOP organizations, and leading Reagan backers began to worry aloud that Bush might pull an upset unless Reagan got busy. In mid-December, the national organization sent out a Washington lawyer, Pete McPherson, to pull the Iowa organization into shape. Despite his efforts, Reagan by mid-January had county chairmen in place in just 80 of Iowa's counties, whereas Bush had all 99 covered in December. Bond figures that he has organizations in half the state's 2531 precincts. McPherson says only that Reagan is organized in "a substantial number."

Nationally and in Iowa, the two campaigns have been operating on vastly different strategies. For Reagan, national campaign manager John Sears has designed a cautious, mistake-avoidance strategy that calls for the candidate to make a limited number of carefully choreographed appearances. Reporters are meant to be impressed with the size of Reagan crowds—indeed, he had 1500 the other week at a rally in Davenport, and sold out a 750-plate luncheon in Waterloo, Iowa—and with their enthusiasm, whipped along by bands, bunting, and balloons. Sears knows that national polls show Reagan with the solid backing of 45 to 50 percent of Republican voters. In Iowa in 1976, Reagan got 49 percent support in the caucuses against 51 for President Gerald Ford. Sears wants no screw-ups, and sees to it that the candidate's physical and intellectual energies are carefully husbanded. Reagan has been on the road about four days a week to primary and convention states, but he's limited to two or three events per day. Sears was willing to have Reagan suffer widespread criticism for his failure to participate in the January 7 Republican debate in Iowa, but at the same time he avoided a nationally televised error that might jeopardize his lead. At a Reagan rally there are never questions and answers from the audience. At the candidate's press conference there are questions, but rarely any definitive answers.

The Bush strategy is designed to bring the candidate from nowhere quickly—to achieve remarkable results in Iowa and New Hampshire that will make Bush, and not Howard Baker, the champion of GOP "moderates" and have Bush viewed as the final challenger to Reagan. In Iowa, Bush's aim is to hold Reagan to less than 40 percent of the vote and finish a strong second, well ahead of Baker and Connally. Whereas Reagan's aim in Iowa is to convert his broad-gauge popularity into a massive turnout on caucus night, Bush's has been to establish intensive support among Republican regulars,

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get them to the caucuses, and pray for a huge snowstorm on the 21st that will keep Reaganites at home. Bush has managed to win impressive backing in the Iowa Republican establishment. A former GOP national chairman himself, he's being helped by another former chairperson, Mary Louise Smith, the grande dame of Iowa Republicanism, and by John McDonald, the state's Republican national committeeman. Of 297 elected county Republican leaders, 50 are for Bush, a high number considering that such people usually want to stay neutral in an intraparty fight. Of 85 Republican state legislators, 25 have endorsed Bush, as have both of Iowa's Republican congressmen.

Reagan's manager, McPherson, admits that Bush is in solid with the GOP establishment. "Of the first 25,000 people who go to the caucuses, Bush will probably have shaken hands with every last one," he said. But McPherson says these people represent only country-club and charity-ball Republicans, and that Reagan's support lies among a vast working-class and middle-class group that votes Republican but has never been to a caucus before, in the belief they are smoke-filled meetings of professional pols. McPherson designed radio ads featuring Reagan saying that caucuses are nothing of the kind, just "neighborhood gatherings like your local PTA." Late last week, McPherson was cheered by a long-range weather forecast predicting warmth and sun, uncommon stuff for Iowa in January, and very good for Reagan.

Bush's chances for an upset are complicated not only by the weather, but also by a last-minute drive by Howard Baker, who has no organization to speak of in Iowa, but is saturating the state with well-designed television ads that will cost him more than $100,000. The best of the ads shows Baker shouting down an Iranian student at a campaign rally and being given a standing ovation. Baker also has the advantage of the widespread knowledge that Iowa's popular governor, Robert Ray, prefers him. Though Ray has not openly endorsed Baker, he arranged for two of his longstanding associates to take over the Baker effort in Iowa to bring it out of a slough. An effective campaigner, Baker has been blitzing the state during the final days of the campaign, telling audiences they ought to prove to the country that "you don't have to be unemployed for two years in order to be a candidate for President." He is referring to George Bush.

The best news of all coming out of Iowa is that John Connally is going nowhere. Like Baker, he has no grassroots organization and is spending big money on advertising. But unlike Baker's, his ads are dull, showing a gentle John Connally, in denim jacket, talking about his Texas rancher's natural empathy for the problems of Iowa farmers. Connally's true stripes have shown through, though. In one ad, he implied that Governor Ray had endorsed him—only to have Ray rebuke him for the falsehood. And the Iowa press has caught Connally deviating in one particular regard from his usual theme of get-the-government-off-our-backs. Though Connally is true-blue for oil deregulation and lower taxes for industry, he is curiously against trucking deregulation. Iowans widely believe the reason is that Connally's chief Iowa fundraiser is John Ruan, who owns one of the biggest transport companies in the Midwest.

And now to predictions, foolish as it may be to make them. You should know that the *Des Moines Register*'s final poll on January 11 showed that Reagan's support had plummeted from 50 percent in late November down to 26 percent, with 18 for Baker, 17 for Bush, and 10 for Connally. But the phrasing of the question was shoddy, seemingly reflecting the newspaper's pique at Reagan for not participating in the debate it sponsored. No one in any camp believes that Reagan's support really has fallen so low. The conventional wisdom among state Republican officials and supporters of both Bush and Reagan is that Reagan will win, with around 40 percent; that Bush will be close behind in the 30s; and that Baker and Connally will be a distant third and fourth, followed by Senator Robert Dole and congressmen Phil Crane and John Anderson bringing up the rear in single-digit percentages. If the weather is good in Iowa on the 21st, I will stick with the conventional wisdom. If it snows hard, though, I will stick with Rich Bond's caucus kit, and the organizing it represents, and predict Bush to beat Reagan by a hair—32 percent to 29 percent, to be exact.

Morton Kondracke

Return of the B-1.

The Pentagon's Bad Penny

When President Carter's hawkish critics recite their indictment of his foreign policy, they usually include his cancellation of the B-1 bomber. In the prevailing interpretation, this was one of several decisions (along with postponing the neutron bomb and slowing deployment of the MX missile) that revealed American weakness to the Soviets, thus encouraging a spate of adventurism that culminated with last month's invasion of Afghanistan. Senator Howard Baker has explicitly recommended building a new, more sophisticated version of the B-1, and most of the other Republicans apparently agree that Carter's decision should be reversed. One can safely assume that any Republican elected in 1980 will immediately press to revive some version of the B-1.

That would be a mistake. One of the reasons offered

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for resurrecting the B-1 is that Carter's decision drew no reciprocal restraint from the Russians. But this argument misreads the reasoning behind the president's verdict. Canceling the B-1 didn't induce the Soviets to make some weapons cutback of their own, because it wasn't supposed to. When Carter announced his decision on June 30, 1977, he stressed that he had judged the plane purely on its merits, concluding that its likely value fell well below its projected cost. Carter killed the B-1 because he thought it was a bad plane, not because he wanted to slow the arms race. It is worth noting that when the Senate and House ratified his decision, several unquestioned champions of national defense agreed with the president—including Henry Jackson, Sam Nunn, John Stennis, and Pat Moynihan.

The B-1, a low-flying supersonic plane, was conceived in the late 1960s after the Soviet Union developed surface-to-air missiles that rendered high-flying supersonic bombers (like the B-58 and B-70) obsolete. The B-1 story was one of continually rising cost estimates and continually declining performance expectations. By the time Carter decided to scrap the project, the Government Accounting Office was estimating that it would cost as much as $117 million per plane, twice as much in real terms as originally projected. It would have been the most expensive weapons system ever produced, with total "lifecycle" costs running to more than $90 billion. One reason for the expense was the B-1's supersonic speed, which, as it turned out, couldn't be used at low altitudes—the only place it was needed.

All this money would have bought a plane that would be obsolete almost as soon as it came off the production line. The main problem with the B-1 was that it would be no match for the air defenses the Soviets are expected to deploy in the 1980s. Last February William Perry, head of research and development at the Pentagon, reiterated the essential rationale for killing the B-1: "The B-1 depends for its penetration on high-speed and low-altitude operation. In my judgment, the air defense system that is being developed now in the Soviet Union, which includes look-down, shoot-down interceptors, would render that operation very hazardous." Defense Secretary Harold Brown estimates that existing B-52s will be able to penetrate the Russian defenses through 1985, and that the B-1 would be able to do so only until about 1990—a small improvement for such a high cost.

All of this means that reviving the B-1 may be fine Republican campaign rhetoric, but it is poor defense policy. But the B-1 may be resurrected even without the help of the Republican candidates. The snake has continued writhing long after Carter thought he had killed it. Carter agreed to continue funding research and development on a manned strategic bomber and the Air Force and Rockwell International have used this concession to keep the B-1 alive. It has been a plane in search of a rationale. Rockwell has come up with two basic designs for the plane, hoping to get one or both accepted. One design would have the B-1 (rechristened the Strategic Weapons Launcher, or SWL) serve as a cruise missile carrier, which is supposed to loiter just outside Soviet air defenses and launch its missiles at targets inside the Soviet Union. The other would use the plane for its original purpose as a penetrating bomber. Each design is a simpler version of the original B-1, missing such gold-plated features as supersonic speed, a "variable-sweep" wing (whose angle could be adjusted for either supersonic or subsonic flight), and much of the expensive titanium used in construction. Rockwell also says the basic "core" plane also could be adapted for use as a tanker.

This new version of the B-1 is an improvement over the one Carter killed, mainly because it has eliminated some of the superfluous features that either add nothing or actually hamper the plane's performance. Of course three years ago it was the B-1's critics who pointed out these flaws, and Rockwell and the Air Force who denied them. But even this stripped-down version looks like a poor investment for any of the roles suggested by Rockwell. As a cruise missile carrier, the plane has a couple of serious drawbacks. For one thing, it is not terribly big, which limits the number of missiles it could carry. Other candidates for this role, like derivatives of either the Lockheed L-1011 or the McDonnell Douglas DC-10, could carry more missiles. The L-1011, for example, can carry 48 of the cruise missiles now being developed, compared to 30 for the stripped-down B-1. This problem will grow more acute with the second generation of long-range cruise missiles, which probably will be needed in the 1990s to cope with improved Russian air defenses. A modified L-1011 or DC-10 could transport 28 of these bigger "growth" missiles, but the modified B-1 could handle only 14. The B-1 version is expected to cost about the same per plane as either of its rivals, but the Pentagon would need a much bigger fleet of B-1s than of either of the commercial derivatives. Moreover, both the L-1011 and the DC-10 have proved themselves in years of service, while only four B-1 prototypes have been built. That, combined with the B-1's record of cost overruns, suggests that problems with cost and reliability inevitably would be greater with the B-1 than with either of the commercial planes.

Using the B-1 as a penetrating bomber doesn't seem much wiser. Trying to design a better penetrating bomber is like trying to design a better horse-drawn carriage: it can be done, but there's not much point in it. The B-1 is a definite improvement over the B-52 in this respect, just as it was when Carter canceled the plane. The only problem is that it won't be good enough to elude the sophisticated surface-to-air missiles and airborne interceptors the Soviets will deploy in the next decade. It is too big and not maneuverable enough. The cruise missile, which shows up on a radar screen about one one-hundredth the size of a B-1 and enjoys much more agility, would stand a far better chance. And the

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cruise missile is cheap, which means that thousands can be built, enough to overwhelm Russian air defenses.

The idea of using the B-1 derivative as a tanker is probably the most laughable of all. The Pentagon already is deploying a new tanker called the KC-10, which is far superior to the B-1. Rockwell's logic is that a plane that performs several functions poorly is better than several planes that perform them well.

Rockwell and the Air Force are determined to revive the B-1 in some form. Rockwell's real rationale for the plane hasn't changed since 1970, when Rockwell's president said, "We knew that as a business we had just one more chance—the B-1." The Air Force has already recommended to Secretary Brown that the Pentagon buy the B-1 derivative to serve as a cruise missile carrier, even though a scheduled "flyoff" competition has not yet been held. Air Force Secretary Hans Mark has said he gives the highest priority to developing a new strategic bomber, despite the president's decision to replace penetrating bombers with cruise missiles. But time has vindicated Carter's decision. He should make sure that the generals don't reverse it.

Stephen Chapman

But it's not the Paris we remember.

We'll Always Have Paris

Paris has a long history, but in a way Paris has had more history during the last 20 years than during the previous 20 centuries, at least more palpable change. Paris has changed more profoundly and more rapidly than almost any other great city, even Los Angeles, where frenetic change is supposed to be the way of life. For the overwhelming majority of its people, in the experience of daily life, Paris is a new city.

No one can observe Paris without seeing it through a veil of myths and fantasies: bold social myths of art and revolution and chic; delicate personal memories and fantasies of love and inner awakening. These myths and fantasies are as much an integral part of Paris as the Métro. Paris is the world capital of nostalgia and romance. And the rich investment in Parisian nostalgia is owned not just by Parisians, but by people all over the world, by us foreigners. It's our city too.

For us, it's easy. We don't live there. We have no Parisian daily reality. We can return to the center of the city—to Notre Dame, the Ile St. Louis, the streets around the Place Furstenberg, the Montaigne St. Geneviève, the Marias—to recharge our memories and fantasies. That Paris has been carefully, even beautifully preserved and restored. Parisians have to live with the rest of the city.

Le Grand Paris—the real Paris—is a supercity of about 10 million people, and it is now 80 percent suburban. More than half the housing has been built in the past 25 years. Almost four million people have been added to the population since World War II and they were *all* hastily housed in the suburbs. The population of Paris within the gates, the traditional 20 *arrondissements*, has actually declined in number as well as changing in kind. About one million Parisians commute each morning from their suburban homes and apartments (mostly apartments) into central Paris. The average Parisian spends more time each day commuting to work than the average citizen of Los Angeles.

Two-thirds of all jobs in the Paris region are now service jobs. Despite the impressive rate of industrial growth France maintained for the past 25 years—GNP increased by an average of over six percent a year, almost twice the US rate—industry could not produce many new jobs. The health sector alone added more jobs than did all of industry, and education outpaced health. Between 1968 and 1975 about two-thirds of all new jobs in the Paris region were in the public sector, mostly in health and education. In the post-1973 atmosphere of crisis, as French unemployment rates begin to approach US levels, a major source of general Parisian anxiety is the nagging question: how much longer can the expansion of service employment continue? And if it stops, where will the new jobs be?

The shift in residence and the shift in the kind of work are behind the increasing segregation that so marks the new Paris: segregation of work/residence/leisure; segregation by class; segregation by race; segregation by age. More than just the quaint old buildings, it was the rich social mix, the integration of different kinds of people and activities in tight propinquity, that defined the old Paris, the Paris of romantic ideal and, to some extent, social reality. Gene Kelly's neighborhood was a marvelous slice of life. A suburban housing project is not.

Another contributing factor is real estate prices in Paris. At about $200 per square foot—that is, about $160,000-$200,000 for a small two-bedroom apartment anywhere inside the city limits (not to speak of chic or expensive neighborhoods)—families get pushed out. First the poorer classes, then the lower middle classes, then the middle middle classes. Left behind are the rich and a few densely packed poor, along with some lucky occupants of the rapidly decreasing stock of old rent-controlled apartments. Mostly what remains are households characterized by the essential trait of having no children: one adult, two adults, three adults, and four, in increasingly interesting childless combinations.

The general picture is familiar: hyperconcentration of specialized activities at the center, with its attendant congestion, and dull emptiness in the dormitory suburbs. Illegal and semi-legal but solidly de facto conversions into offices of old bourgeois apartments between l'Etoile and the Opéra has left those neighborhods—now zones—deserted at night. Whole

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quarters, like le Quartier Latin, that once had their own complex identity, are rapidly simplifying into shopping, fast-food, and recreation centers for suburban youths. Informal social controls break down. No one belongs to either world and neither world belongs to anyone. The cumulative impact of such segregated development is to impoverish the life of all, to unmake the city and narrow its citizens. The result is a city without urbanity.

The social mix and interactions that defined romantic Paris were products of economic forces and technical constraints. Densely built six-story buildings, constructed before the elevator, along with a vigorous artisanal economy, led to the classic Paris streetscape of shops at the street level, the Grand Bourgeois apartment one flight up, the lesser bourgeois above him, and so on up to the mansard roof with its little rooms for maids and students. If it is to exist anymore, that social mix will not be a by-product of economic and technological forces. It must now become a goal in itself. Los Angeles, San Diego, and Dallas, among many others, are proof that even a highly advanced economy can exist in a non-urbane, totally segregated, cityless agglomeration.

The construction of the new Paris was begun under enormous pressure. After World War II, about one-third of France's population was in agriculture. Today it is about nine percent. In 1946 the Paris region contained 6.6 million people; by 1962 it had reached 8.4 million and was heading toward today's 10 million. Building housing and infrastructure for this new population would be an enormous task, but the legacy of the past compounded the problem. Between 1932 and 1954, almost nothing had been built in the Paris region, and much had been degraded or had become obsolete. The housing stock was in deplorable condition. More than half the units in the region had no toilet, no central heating, and less than two (very small) rooms. Public facilities were in no better shape. No hospitals had been constructed since 1932; only one-fourth of the city's effluents were properly treated. Roads, telephones, and office facilities were equally run down. The charms of the past are especially delightful when seen from the comforts of a prosperous present. But for the Parisian city fathers as for the French economy in general, it was "modernization or decadence." Paris would have to modernize—a thing France had disastrously failed to do between the wars—or else Paris would be bypassed by history and go the way of Bruges or Venice, taking France with it. To a young Californian at the time, these Parisian city fathers seemed strangely innocent. They were obsessed by the necessity of modernizing and they thought they knew what "modern" meant. By 1954 they had launched a frenzied effort at massive "modernization," and they used the word unselfconsciously.

It was the lamentable era of the *Grand Ensemble*. The dead hand of bureaucracy scattered the same awful cheap concrete housing projects all over the landscape in any available field with no thought to access, to services, to community, to amenity. At the same time private buildings, smaller in scale but prolific in number, were strewn by the hot hand of uncontrolled developers and speculators. It was a pure seller's market: anything with walls could find a taker. The whole desperate phase was dominated by that most unhappy arrangement: bureaucracy without planning on the one hand, and speculation without market discipline or planned controls on the other.

Beginning in the early 1960s, as the high-rise cement sprawl disfigured the suburbs and congestion threatened to choke the center, de Gaulle and two powerful *préfets*, Delouvrier and Doublet, made the first serious efforts to bring order and reason to the city's disastrous growth. The first big step was the belated recognition that the city was the region and needed a regional-scale government. Then came the "general plan" for the Paris region. It was very much a child of its times, the times of population growth, economic growth, and faith in the ability of the technocrats of the state to manage the growth of the economy and the city. The plan laid out a strategy of "concentrated deconcentration." To prevent continued sprawl, future development was to be tightly focused on a series of new towns—or satellite cities—in the outer suburbs, which were to embody all the best ideas about housing, jobs near home, recreational and public facilities, social diversity, transportation, culture, etc. Patterned after the British new town, but much bigger, they were to absorb about two-thirds of the projected population increase of six million.

The new towns now exist, and they have become the objects of much popular cynicism. Despite the grandiose plans, they are still small, non-diverse suburban communities, full of concrete housing projects and public buildings along with Levittown-type bungalows. There is nothing terribly special or attractive about them. They failed to fill their original function of concentrating growth in a few dense but well-planned spots. The sprawl continued to extend itself until the mid-1970s, when the growth of the Paris region, like that of the other giant cities in the Western world, seems to have stopped.

A truly ambitious program of public investment was launched, more or less within the outlines of the general plan. A high-rise corporate headquarters city was built at La Défense, at the end of the Grande Axe—the straight line of sight running from the windows of the Louvre, through the Tuilleries Garden, to the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs Elysées, and out through the Arc de Triomphe. In general, La Défense is despised by Parisians, who complain that it's lifeless, plastic, a mini-Manhattan, and on a clear day it ruins the perspective of the Grande Axe. But if you consider the alternatives—either destroying the old center of Paris, or else no modern corporate headquarters offices—La Défense had some

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boldness, some imagination, and some reason to it. A new regional express subway was constructed, in true Cartesian fashion. Line 1 is a straight line from the distant western suburbs to La Défense to the Opéra and out to the eastern suburbs. At Les Halles, almost at the geometric center of the city, it crosses Line 2, another straight line from the distant southern suburbs out to the north. Despite its Napoleonic scale, and the fact that it cuts right across the center of the city, the French seem to have had no trouble financing it, building it, and making it run efficiently. The contrast with US efforts at mass transit is striking. A permanently congested highway was built around the old Boulevard Peripherique; a new airport; new hospitals; new telephone lines and telephones; as well as new facilities for sewer treatment and university "campuses." They are all largely in place now, along with a car and a telephone for every three people.

The stage of massive growth and transformation is now mostly over. It was a necessary period, despite the many unfortunate aspects. Especially tragic was the sad coincidence that the greatest period of construction coincided with the nadir of French architecture. With very few exceptions—the Roissy airport, a few skyscrapers at La Défense—the large-scale realizations are architecturally and urbanistically awful. The Montparnasse skyscraper looks like something one sees along the beltway of a middle-sized American city. Its terms are all wrong for its site, and the tower—not to mention the horrid Great Wall of China behind it—is a failure in its own terms. The urban renewal zone around the Place d'Italie on the Left Bank, not to speak of suburban Sarcelles or Ivry or Massy, is urban death right out of Le Corbusier, that most anti-urban, and for some curious reason almost sanctified, urban designer. And the Faculty of Sciences on its splendid site along the Seine must be one of the 10 worst buildings of the modern world.

In the near future, Paris will change less than it has in the recent past. The planners—this time perhaps with the people—must now turn to the hard business of putting in the details: the restoration of the few remaining old quarters; the sensitive restructuring of the urban tissue of the inner suburbs—the Brooklyns of Paris—much of which was skipped over in the first wave of thoughtless construction. Instead of the political farce that continues to play itself out around the giant hole in Les Halles, political courage must be found to limit auto traffic in the center and to enrich the social mix of Paris through scattered low-cost housing.

Paris transformed itself into a modern world city, and all in all, Paris is not in such bad shape. The rawness will heal. Trees and shrubs, cafés, shops, and maybe even some real-life activities will grow in the new towns and suburbs. Paris is not the world capital of culture, despite the grandiose Centre Pompidou, nor of international business, despite La Défense. But then again, no one city is; not New York, not Los Angeles, not London, and certainly not Tokyo or Frankfurt. But Paris is a major world center of culture and business. And it is still the most agreeable of the giant cities. It has very few serious problems. It has no serious criminality. Despite a much inflated political rhetoric, no large group of the population is ready to kill another. Many Parisian students actually work seriously in the lycée. Parisian designers have their signatures on ties, towels, handbags, and even underwear all over the world. And American students struggle with Foucault the way their parents struggled with Sartre.

Paris transformed itself and bears some terrible scars. But it made the change. At the end it had something very important going for it. Not oil, and certainly not the architects. Paris, as the Parisians like to admit, has the highest concentration of intelligent people in the world. When they start talking with each other, Paris becomes alive. The trouble is that most of the time, most of them are busy looking for a parking space.

Stephen S. Cohen

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Something Americans still excel at.

What's New in Murder

First, the statistics. Over the last year, murders reported by law enforcement agencies in American cities of over a quarter million people increased by more than 10 percent. The most dramatic jump was in cities with one-half to one million people, where there were 17 percent more killings during the first nine months of 1979 than during the same period of 1978. There also were significant reported increases in other serious violent and property crimes. A year is far too short to show a trend. When one looks at longer periods of time, the outcome depends on the years chosen. If 1974 is compared to 1978, there was an eight percent decrease in the rate of reported murders. But if 1969 is compared to 1978, there was a 23 percent increase. And there are many inaccuracies in such figures. In particular, not all crimes are reported to the police, and there are great variations among individual cities.

Because of its paramount seriousness, murder probably is the most accurately reported serious crime. The reported murder rate in the US always has been much higher than in other industrialized nations (as well as most underdeveloped countries). It is safe to say that the long-run trend in the mid-20th century has been an increase in the American murder rate. At present, the reported yearly rate in standard metropolitan areas hovers at or above 10 killings per 100,000 population.

What generalizations are possible about murder in

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America? Psychopathic Manson-type killers get the lion's share of publicity, but only a small proportion of murder is committed by people professionally diagnosed as legally insane. The common pattern on television detective shows suggests that murders tend to be carefully premeditated; but most legal and behavioral experts agree that careful planning is rarely a part of American murders. The most typical murders involve poor young minority males victimizing other minority males of the same age or older—friends, acquaintances, or strangers living in close, ghetto-slum proximity to the offender. The attack most commonly occurs in the course of a relatively trivial altercation. Often the victim provoked the offender, and often one or both parties had been drinking. Another common murder pattern involves lower-income couples or other family members caught up in domestic quarrels and altercations.

Murder is the number-one cause of death of black men between the ages of 25 and 35. From 1960 to 1970, the average life expectancy of black males aged 20 or younger declined by one year, mainly as a result of the increase in the murder rate in inner cities. More blacks were killed by other blacks in 1977 (5734) than died in nine years in Vietnam (5711). Of course there are many exceptions to my generalizations, and many other observable, though less frequent, patterns. And almost half—7200—of the killings in 1978 were by whites.

Conservatives often complain that the law provides insufficient deterrents to violent behavior, but few of them support the one legal deterrent likely to be the most effective: handgun control. There now are 100 million guns in the hands of the civilian population. In 1978, over 63 percent of reported murders involved firearms, but less than one-quarter of all reported aggravated assaults involved firearms. The rest involved knives, blunt instruments, hands, fists, feet, and other less efficient weapons. The more frequent use of firearms is the main difference—apart from the result—between murder and aggravated assault. There is little reason to believe that as a rule, some attackers carefully set out to kill and others merely to injure. They just attack, using whatever force is convenient. Therefore, even if handgun control cannot be expected to reduce the frequency of violent attacks, it could lead to the use of less efficient weapons. We could expect fewer murders and more aggravated assaults, which certainly would be an improvement. One study has estimated that, if knives rather than firearms were used in attacks, there might be 80 percent fewer fatalities. Less speculatively, a 1975 Massachusetts law that mandates a one-year minimum prison term for carrying a gun without a license has resulted in substantial decreases in gun-related murders, assaults, and robberies—and increases in non-gun assaults and robberies.

Another common prescription for violent crimes is more punishment (or speedier, or more severe, or more certain punishment). There is little useful evidence about whether more punishment deters more crime. This is especially true for murder, and the sister phenomenon of assault. The argument for stiffer punishment is based on the assumption, in one form or another, that offenders rationally balance risks against benefits before commencing an attack—an assumption not supported by the impulsive, unplanned nature of typical murders and assaults.

There are criminal justice reforms that can have an impact. For example, some police departments have had success with police teams specializing in domestic quarrels and family crisis intervention. These units are on 24-hour call to defuse fights in progress and other conflicts that might lead to murder or assault. In one successful New York City program, police learned to express respect for combatants; avoid show of force except when absolutely necessary; de-escalate anger; understand the values, culture, and styles of behavior of various populations; concede explicitly a man's masculinity; listen and discuss with sympathy the arguments of both sides; permit antagonists to talk out their problems; and suggest alternative solutions.

We also should increase assistance to victims and witnesses. Not much can be done for murder victims. But witnesses can be better protected as they testify in court. Fear often makes the poor (and also the non-poor) unwilling to come forward and testify, which makes convictions harder and therefore encourages lawlessness. Victims of assault and other violence (who are witnesses as well) deserve more sensitive counseling, legal, and medical services—not only for their own sakes, but also as a way to reduce violence. For example, spouse and child-abuse counseling can discover the possibility of future violence and lead to actions that prevent it.

Another wise change would be to remove juvenile "status offenders" from the criminal justice system. These are young people who have committed acts that would not be considered crimes if committed by adults—like truancy and running away. Status offenders can languish in jail where they learn truly violent behavior from other inmates. Prison is necessary to punish hardened criminals and to protect society from them, but the experience of incarceration also is probably the most effective way of transmitting violent patterns of behavior.

But narrow criminal justice reforms alone are not the real solution to this country's high rates of murder and violent assault. What the presidential violence and crime commissions of the 1960s said remains true: murder, assault, rape, and robbery are part of a web of poverty, institutional racism, relative deprivation, limited employment opportunity, poor education, inadequate housing, broken homes, and reduced family functions. Critics of these commission findings say that rates of violence have increased over recent years during the same time that great advances have been made in the economic well-being of the poor. It is true that, for example, gun-related murders among black

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males rose 26 percent from 1968 to 1975. But their unemployment rate more than doubled during that time, from 5.5 percent to 13.7 percent. Blacks in general did make absolute economic progress in the 1970s, but gains relative to whites were unclear, and in some instances ground was lost. The notion of relative poverty is important. A poor black in Harlem is more likely to compare his situation to that of a rich white on Park Avenue than to that of a poor black man in Tanzania, or that of his own parents 20 years ago.

Some poor minority urban males have the strength and luck to achieve middle-class status. But many other ghetto youths don't have the luxury of channeling their aggression and anger in positive ways. With the youth jobless rate in some big city areas, like the South Bronx, as high as 75 percent, these youths are prevented from working their way up career ladders of significance, or from sublimating anger through legitimate earnings. Relatively less blocked by society are aggressive expressions of manhood, often accompanied by traditions of weapon-carrying. As everyone intuitively knows who ends a tough day by taking it out not on the boss but on one's spouse, aggression in the human species often is released against intimates—relatives, friends, neighbors—because they are convenient targets. If relative economic conditions improve and opportunities become less blocked for ghetto residents, then these styles of adapting and coping will fade.

Short of the long-run reform that is needed, what can be done immediately? We can carefully coordinate existing resources, target funds to places of greatest need, and better leverage criminal justice money against the much greater pot of urban, economic, and human development funding. Instead of trickled-down Keynesian fiscal or Friedmanesque monetary economics, a neighborhood-based bubble-up economic policy could much more directly address structural unemployment. It can be supported by indigenous, community-based citizen crime prevention—an emerging idea which is supported by both the political right and left. All of this may seem too far afield, but murder is bound into the fabric of a nation's history, culture, society, economy, and polity. If we are to protect the population and reduce the frequency of attacks in the 1980s, criminal justice must be linked with economic justice and crime prevention with neighborhood renaissance.

Lynn A. Curtis

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Marxists versus social democrats for control of the working-class party.

The Division of Labour

by Ferdinand Mount

London

"Change and decay in all around I see," sang Uncle Theodore, the bachelor uncle in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*. It comes naturally to the aging and the unattached to detect decadence in the institutions around them. In contemplating the present sad state of the British Labour party, we must beware of nostalgia. Hindsight all too easily constructs a golden age in which the workers by hand and brain marched shoulder to shoulder toward the new dawn of social democracy. Even the great days of the Attlee government of 1945—the period of Labour party history most familiar to Americans—look rosier today than they did at the time.

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Now, in numerical terms at least, the party is a shadow of its former self. After 1945, in the extraordinary flush of postwar political enthusiasm that swept through both major parties, individual Labour party membership doubled from 487,047 to its peak of 1,014,524 in 1951. In recent years that figure has dwindled to an official total of 675,946 in 1978. Even this is admitted to be a gross overestimate, because 538 local parties out of 623 simply fill in a return alleging 1000 members, which is the minimum entitling a constituency to send delegates to the annual conference, although they really have far fewer than 1000 members.

The party's official journal, *Labour Weekly*, calculated last fall that the actual membership is probably only

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284,000. Less sympathetic observers put it much lower still, at under 100,000. That would give the Labour party—which once prided itself as being the greatest free working-class party in the world—fewer active members than the British Liberal party, which even its fans admit to be a modest outfit.

In Britain, membership is quite a good guide to the vigor of a party (better, I fancy, than the registration figures of Democrats and Republicans in the US). And over the past 30 years there has been a visible decline in the Labour vote to match the decline of its active membership. The party now has only a handful of paid officials, and none at all in several of the big cities. Its headquarters contains a couple of Trotskyists, and most of the rest are so far to the left that in American politics they would be off the map.

I emphasize the decay of the Labour party before trying to describe the ideological change going on inside it, because the change is a process born of that decay. To talk of an "ideological struggle" implies a battle of ideas, but there is no such battle going on. There is only a battle for power. The decay of the old Labour party structure is what has given the left its opportunity, not any renewed vitality of Marxist theory or any thrilling experiments in syndicalism.

This decay has two clearly identifiable causes: the historical origins of the Labour party's structure and the personality of Harold Wilson, who led the party between the death of Hugh Gaitskell in 1963 and his own retirement in 1976, 13 calamitous years for the party.

The Labour party was founded by the labor unions to secure parliamentary representation for the working class. Intellectual middle-class socialists have dominated the party's thinking ever since Harold Laski and Beatrice and Sidney Webb wrote its constitution, and they have played a large and growing part in its parliamentary leadership. But the party was and is financed almost wholly by the trade unions. Originally, membership was exclusively collective. You could not join the party individually; your union or socialist society joined for you. The unions still retain controlling "block votes" at the annual national conference, which lays down the party's policy, and exert dominating influence in many of the local committees which select parliamentary candidates. It was not until 1918, 18 years after the movement began, that Arthur Henderson and Sidney Webb thought it worth opening local Labour parties to individual members; for the next 10 years nobody bothered to count these individual Labourites, because they were regarded as such an insignificant factor. Even when they did flock in after World War II, in many constituencies they were scarcely made welcome. The Labour party never became a wholehearted mass party.

At the same time, the trade unions did not bother overmuch with their child. They paid the bills, and every now and then they have exacted in return from a Labour government laws that enshrine and increase trade union privileges. But this is usually the most that the trade unions have demanded. They have made little effort to insist that the Labour party should reflect the general views of their members, or that it should be organized to attract the most votes and memberships. From the beginning, the unions used the National Executive Committee of the Labour party, and even the House of Commons, as a dumping ground for their second-rate officials; the first-rate ones were retained to serve the union. As a result, the party's grass roots never developed properly because of the suffocating dead weight of the unions.

This is why a relatively small number of leftists have found it so easy in the last five years to take over moribund local Labour parties in safe Labour seats. Quite often both the incumbent chairman and the organizing agent have been septuagenarians or even older. A handful of young Trotskyite schoolteachers, social workers, and other minor public officials with time for agitation on their hands could move into the area and begin making life unpleasant for the sitting Labour member, himself often an oldster, so that he would be glad to retire and allow a left-wing candidate to take over at the next election. When Labour MPs last elected their leader, in 1976, Jim Callaghan defeated the left's candidate, Michael Foot, the political heir and biographer of Aneurin Bevan, by 176 to 137. At the general election in May 1979, a fresh bunch of leftists was elected. When Callaghan retires—which he is expected to do this year—the contest between left and right for the succession might well be close.

Hitherto, the Labour right—by which we mean social democrats, or in other words a group somewhat to the left of the ADA—has controlled the parliamentary Labour delegation, and also has had a reasonable chance of getting its way on the supreme extra-parliamentary body, the National Executive. This is composed of trade union representatives, women representatives (a sexist relic which may soon be abolished), and representatives elected by the constituency parties, who are now exclusively leftists. Until recently, a resolute right-wing leader was able to count on a majority of the old fogeys in the trade union section and enough of the women to defeat the weirdos from the constituencies.

Alas, Harold Wilson was not resolute. One of the things he did not like was a fight. To avoid embarrassment, he invented a bizarre tradition by which he did not even vote at NEC meetings but sat there smoking his pipe as the left won vote after vote.

Wilson's more combative lieutenants, James Callaghan and Denis Healey, protested in vain, as the left gradually appropriated more and more of the levers of power and reshaped the party program. Callaghan has done his best to recoup since he succeeded a tired and discredited Wilson nearly four years ago. But it is too late. The left is now securely entrenched, and at this year's party conference at Brighton was able to push through two of its three most cherished reforms: the

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"re-selection" of Labour parliamentary candidates and the transfer of power to elect the party leader from Labour MPs to a left-dominated electoral college. I saw old Marxists with tears of joy in their eyes when the re-selection motion was passed; this means that a left-controlled constituency Labour party will be able to dump its incumbent more easily. A motion to let the left-dominated NEC write the party's election manifesto on its own, instead of in collaboration with the parliamentary leadership, was narrowly defeated, but the left no doubt will eventually have its way on that too. After the next general election, it cannot be long before the left is in total control of the party, if present trends continue.

The two parliamentary leaders of the left are an amusing assortment. Tony Benn, alias Anthony Wedgwood Benn, alias the Second Viscount Stansgate, is a Philippe Egalite of comic splendor. Educated at Westminster and Oxford—a history he has excised from his *Who's Who* entry—he managed to disclaim his title and now affects proletarian mores, such as drinking his cocoa out of a workman's mug, and plays down his not inconsiderable wealth. (His wife, a Cincinnati heiress, is richer still.) As industry minister, Benn launched several workers' cooperatives, all of which flopped because they were ill-chosen, wrongly timed, and short of capital. In fact "Wedgie," as he is not very affectionately known, has done more harm to the cause of cooperation in industry than the most hard-faced capitalist. He is an able parliamentarian and a shrewd conspirator, but seems to have little intellectual depth.

Altogether more endearing is Eric Heffer, a former carpenter of mountainous stature who dresses exuberantly and likes food, drink, books, and conversation. He has recently progressed from relative obscurity to near-equality with Mr. Benn. Both men are much interested in the Levellers, the Diggers, the Tolpuddle Martyrs, and suchlike egalitarian and libertarian strands in the tradition of British democracy; but neither seems to have seriously tackled the old question of how these desirable democratic liberties are to be reconciled with public ownership and central control of the economy.

It would be a mistake to spend too much time on Tony Benn and Eric Heffer, or to elaborate interesting parallels between them and, say, Robespierre and Danton. The personalities matter little. They are merely little pieces thrown up by the crumbling and wrinkling of certain geological strata; it is quite possible that neither man will ever become leader of the Labour party. If the left does manage to secure its own candidate as leader of a united Labour party in its existing form, that leader is more likely to be the saturnine John Silkin or the austere Peter Shore, both former Labour ministers and competent debaters with malleable views. Both of these latter contenders are busily establishing left-wing credentials by their vocal opposition to Britain's membership in the Common Market, without at the same time seeming too outrageous for the tired mass of Labourites.

Such a leader of such a Labour party could win the next general election (which has to be held some time before May 1984) if Margaret Thatcher makes a mess of things. All the same, in any contest for Labour leaders in the *present* Parliament, the narrow favorite must be the leading candidates of the right, Denis Healey, a durable slugger of considerable mental capacity who can also trim with the smartest of them. As leader, Healey would certainly make a determined effort to stem the leftist tide. But if he made no headway, he no doubt would swim along with it not too unhappily. We have seen him to do so before.

A Healey leadership at least would be likely to delay the date of that ultimate possibility most dreaded by some and most desired by others: a total and irrevocable split between the Social Democrats and the Marxists. The Marxists would remain to form the rump of a left-wing Labour party, while the social democrats would join up with the bulk of the Liberal party to form a new party of the left center, rather like Helmut Schmidt's Social Democratic party in West Germany. The British Social Democrats like this scenario (they wrote it) because they fancy their new party could win a general election; the Marxists don't, because they know they would not win power without the cloak of the Labour working-class tradition.

Some Labour ex-ministers—notably Roy Jenkins, now head of the European Commission—have indicated that they would be ready to join such a grouping. Others, like David Owen, the former foreign secretary, have said that they would not and that the Labour party must stay loyal to its working-class roots if it is to succeed. Those who are pushing this new Social Democratic party (the London *Times* is their house journal) claim that the differences are largely tactical and that once the bandwagon is rolling, in what they expect to be a couple of years' time, then everyone who is invited will join. After all, half a dozen or more former Labour ministers have already proclaimed their disenchantment with the Labour party they were raised in. Momentum surely would shake a lot more ripe fruit off the branch. Those trade union leaders who are fed up with financing the bilious ranting of the left would provide the cash.

All this may yet come to pass. But it would be unwise to underestimate the strength and durability of the Labour tradition and the loyal willingness of the old carthorse—chosen by Low the cartoonist and by George Orwell as the symbol of the organized working class—to vote the Labour ticket whatever the package contains. This conservatism with a small "c" is the left's secret weapon. The project of a new hygienized democratic Labour party contains a lot of wishful thinking, I fear. And the Labour party retains a considerable potential for misleading the people it was created to lead.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Autobiographies

Neil Simon's *Chapter Two* is also Chapter Two for anyone who has seen it in the theater, which includes me. (*TNR*, January 7, 1978.) The only reason I went to see it again on film was Marsha Mason: because I like her and because in the film she gets to play the part based on herself. The world knows—or the tiny sliver of the world that cares—that Simon's play is somewhat autobiographical, about his remarriage to Mason after his first wife died. Mason is as fetching as ever, the ideal magazine-story heroine, with suggestions of Nanette Fabray and Rosalynn Carter blended into a funny, sexy, appealingly snuffly persona. I can't discern that she brings anything to this part that she hasn't brought to others *not* based on her own life, but what she brings is perfectly all right. She is the ideal old-fashioned mate, pretty, sympathetic, responsive, intelligent but not challenging.

But David M. Walsh, who shot the film, hasn't served her well. Some scenes, particularly in the Caribbean sun, are very nearly libelous. Mason is approaching a certain age, and she needs tender loving cinematography.

James Caan, who plays the Simon role, has occasionally done fairly well in the past—*The Godfather*, for instance, or *Comes a Horseman*. But he is not a light comedian. He is not even a heavy comedian. His brisk scenes are all fallen soufflés. Joseph Bologna, as his brother, frequently seems to be looking off camera for cues. They didn't help. He's vulgar without being heartwarming. As Mason's friend, Valerie Harper of TV is, in Max Beerbohm's word, rebarbative. Robert Moore, who has directed Simon pieces on stage and film, keeps on plodding here with minimum mechanical competence.

Like the play, the film script is, first, slightly touching, then amusing, then wearing, then unbearable. Simon, as that world-sliver knows, can write really snappy dialogue, a crack a line, but the trouble is that he won't stop. Caan and Mason go *at* each other with such glinting ferocity, it's as if the test for sexual-marital fitness were the verbal riposte. And since they speak like no normal creatures on earth, we soon ask (a question I've noted before): "Who's writing their material? In 'life?'"

And the structure is dreadful. Simon has trouble in writing an organically developed play, but the seams always show up worse on screen. *Chapter Two* runs out of sustenance early, and Simon cooks up a subplot between Bologna and Harper to sustain it. But it's completely irrelevant in action and theme—it could have been any one of a thousand other subplots—so forced feeding is what it looks like. In fact *Chapter Two* really finishes early, with the marriage of Caan and Mason, but then the film, like the play, would be too short. Simon has to invent protractions. He puts in post-marital hangups for Caan, hauntings by his dead wife's memory. But if those things are true for the man, why weren't they true a lot sooner, especially in the cutesy courtship scenes? And Simon has Caan take Mason for their honeymoon to precisely the same Caribbean resort, the same cottage, that he had visited with the first wife—just to make a rift that will use up a couple of reels. The man and woman who Caan and Mason are supposed to be would never have gone there, but that doesn't matter to a desperate dramatist.

The only really interesting aspect of *Chapter Two* is the way it alters autobiography. Caan is a writer of suspense novels, apparently successful because he owns a large Manhattan town house, but not remotely as successful or famous as Simon was at the time that he remarried. (He's the biggest money success in the history of American playwriting.) Mason was an established film player at the time of the marriage, not the unknown struggler of this script. Simon, in adapting his life, has turned the volume down. The transformation may or may not reproduce accurately the emotional realities between them, a matter that is discussable only because Simon himself raised the subject and Mason enacts it, but it certainly changes the valences of encounter. It's as if Simon wanted to prove to that world-sliver that he could be loved for himself, not for his status, and that he wasn't glamour-bedazzled.

All That Jazz is also disguised and altered autobiography. It's about Bob Fosse, who wrote it with Robert Alan Aurthur and then directed it. Roy Scheider plays the Fosse role with the name changed and the ending altered: Scheider dies of the heart trouble from which Fosse recovered.

Fosse has had a scintillating career as a theater choreographer and a director of musicals, and he has directed some films, *Cabaret* and *Lenny* among them. The story of his life might be spectacular, but this is something else. Except for one brief flashback, it's a latter-day self-destructive agon in which the protagonist is beginning a complex Broadway show, editing a film that he directed, tussling with an ex-wife who is

Films Worth Seeing

Angi Vera. A subtle Hungarian film about the political corruption of a young woman. Quiet, with an after-effect.

The Electric Horseman. Robert Redford, Nature's nobleman, and Jane Fonda, a TV hotshot, horsing around in the Great Outdoors. The script is silly-pretentious, but the stars are pleasant company.

Kramer vs. Kramer. The superb acting of Dustin Hoffman, Justin Henry, Meryl Streep, and the whole cast elevates this mediocre script—about a fight for child custody—into a momentous film.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Strings of firecracker wit about an unlikely subject—an exact contemporary of Jesus who flees the move to make him a savior.

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in the show, tending to his daughter, hassling with a girl friend, sleeping with other girls, pill-popping, and over-smoking. (The funniest scene is his medical examination for life insurance. He wheezes with a cigarette in his mouth during the exam while the doctor, Gene Troobnick, does the same.)

Even this material might have held better than it does, despite the theater's perennial belief that its smallest doings are of cosmic gravity, if several elements had been different. First, Roy Scheider. He is monumentally drab. Much is said about his magnetism, none of it sticks. Second, the script. It may be substantially true, but it's trite, and about two-thirds of the way along, it slackens and sags. (Like *Chapter Two*. Curious, that two autobiographies, of all things, should run out of material.) The last third of the film, Scheider fantasizing in his hospital bed, is a drag, unrelieved by frenetic editing and splashiness. It's not even made amusing by intercut shots of open-heart surgery, if that's what amuses you. And when Scheider gets out of bed after surgery, against orders, and wanders in the hospital basement, our waning concern for him flutters further.

Also, Fosse has tried to aggrandize his film with a running strand of symbolism, an imaginary conversation between Scheider and a mysterious white-clad blonde—Death, of course, who embraces him at the last. In order to insure that we recognize the Fellini derivation, I guess, Fosse has used Fellini's cinematographer, Giuseppe Rotunno. Then there's Fosse's self-flattery, on a par with Lindsay Anderson's in *O Lucky Man!* and François Truffaut's in *Day for Night*. Everything the hero touches ultimately comes out Wonderful, no matter how worried others may be, including the re-editing of his film that he does casually between dance rehearsals. And then—not the last point, but I'll stop here—there are the principal women in the picture, all of them unhelpful. The least likely film performer of the lot is Ann Reinking, whose jaw line was not designed for pictures and whose speaking voice lends allure to a peanut whistle.

The first half hour or so, aside from the matters of private life, made me think that Fosse and friends were trying to preempt the film territory of *A Chorus Line*. Splattered with camera/editing shenanigans, the picture takes us through chorus calls and casting. They are brightly done, and so are some of the rehearsals that follow. But the personal stuff soon overwhelms the professional stuff, and the personal stuff is bor-*ring*, as show biz puts it—even Fosse's hospital nightmares, which are done as big production numbers. I've rarely been so glad to see a protagonist die. My only fear was that there would be still another number in which he tip-tapped up to the pearly gates.

Notes on the state of the language.

Lost Causes

by Paul Robinson

I. Hopefully, Jimmy Carter won't be re-elected.
II. Just between you and I, I hope he is.
III. He ain't got a chance.

An improbable exchange, both ideologically and linguistically, but one that suggests some useful distinctions. Party III is most easily disposed of: he has made a mistake. Moreover everybody agrees that he has made a mistake. His sole linguistic defense is to insist that he is speaking the argot of a particular subculture. But if that were the case, he probably wouldn't be talking to Parties I and II.

Party II has also made a mistake, but it is less likely to be recognized as such. It might be called an upwardly-mobile mistake. "Me" sounds plebeian (as in "Ralph and me went bowling"), so our cultural aspirant seizes every opportunity to substitute subject for object. His only linguistic defense is to appeal to our tolerance: since his meaning is clear and his intention innocent, to correct him would be small-minded.

But has Party I made a mistake? Here opinion among experts is divided. The floating "hopefully" (meaning "I hope" rather than its proper significance of "in a hopeful manner") is precisely the sort of issue that separates linguistic conservatives from linguistic liberals. It arouses enormous polemical passions. And rightly so: for the way one thinks about the propriety of this utterance reveals the essence of one's linguistic sensibilities. "Hopefully" is a classic example of a lost linguistic cause. Its incorrect usage is now so common that only a fool would expect to recover its earlier meaning. And yet it does not follow that one acts foolishly in avoiding the new usage oneself or in correcting it in others. Lost causes, I would like to suggest, still need to be championed.

These reflections were prompted by a conference I attended on "The State of the Language," sponsored by the English Speaking Union of the United States and held in San Francisco's Mark Hopkin's Hotel November 1 and 2, 1979. The inspiration for the conference was not entirely pure: its guiding lights, Leonard Michaels and Christopher Ricks, have just edited a book, also entitled *The State of the Language* (University of California Press; $14.95), containing essays and poems from 63 contributors, and the conference was intended, in part, to launch that volume on a successful commercial course. Twenty of the contributors attended the San Francisco meeting. Among them were two celebrities, John Simon and Alistair Cook (a non-contributor), who lent glamour to the proceedings. The floating "hopefully" was the object of recurrent attention.

Listening to the various participants, I became preoccupied with the psychological valence of linguistic debate, the unconscious drama hidden beneath so much talk about the language. The speakers quickly divided into two camps, and both groups proved remarkably inventive in devising new labels for their fundamental disagreement. I heard it articulated in all the following ways: permissivists versus prescriptivists, linguists versus grammarians, democrats versus elitists, the descriptive versus the normative, the demotic versus the hieratic. In terms of my example, the former party defended the new use of "hopefully," while the latter excoriated it.

I was amused, but hardly surprised, to find the academics rushing to line up on the permissive side, while the media personalities argued for the maintenance of strict standards. Both camps were victims of considerable self-deception.

The conservatives, headed by Simon, used linguistic propriety as a vehicle for their aggression. They were distinguished mainly by their mean-

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spiritedness. Simon even admitted to correcting complete strangers in Bloomingdale's, making me uneasily aware of the ways our commitment to correct speech is tainted by self-assertion. One is easily deceived here, because important values are at stake, above all the possibility of exact, witty, and profound expression. Yet much of our correcting is contaminated by an unconscious desire to affirm ourselves at the expense of others. If you don't think that's so, reflect for a moment on what you feel when someone corrects your own grammar or pronunciation. You know beyond all doubt that you have been aggressed against. The world of correct speech, it seems, is a loveless one.

I've put the matter psychologically. But several of the participants in the conference made the same point in social and political terms. Ishmael Reed made it with respect to black English, while Richard Rodriguez gave a rending account of what he had lost in the way of intimacy and a sense of community when the nuns in his school taught him to speak proper English. Both men made one vividly aware of language's function in the stratification of society. Indeed one could almost visualize a two-tiered structure: the haves and the have-nots, those who speak correct English and those who don't. That structure was mirrored in the conference room where Reed and Rodriguez spoke. The audience was almost entirely white and over 40, and it sported identification tags with names like Whittaker, Dickey, and Crawford. They politely disapproved of Reed's linguistic separatism (as I must disapprove of it myself), and they applauded Rodriguez's conviction that in learning the master language he had gained more than he had lost. Under the circumstances one could hardly ignore that our language—which enables us to be intelligent, funny, and sometimes even passionate, and which moves and delights us—has a dark secret. It also oppresses. It is an instrument of violence. Like all great cultural achievements, it has come at a price.

The permissivists were playing an entirely different game. It might be called "with-it-ness," a form of intellectual slumming. Academics have fragile identities. They hate to be thought stuffy, out-of-it, or unsexy. They want desperately to prove that they, too, are real people. At the conference the audience was treated to a lot of bold and embarrassing talk about the greatness of Bob Dylan, the virtues of bureaucratese, and the ways the language has been enriched from the linguistic nether worlds of television and consciousness-raising. Beating the drum for a cause like "hopefully" was not only pointless but, much worse, snobbish. Thus the permissivists avoided the spite of their conservative opponents, only to fall into an even more self-indulgent modishness.

John Simon muddied the waters by providing the academics with the perfect excuse to slum. Only a few sentences into his opening remarks, he forgot his appointed role and went in for a little slumming of his own: "I don't give a flying fuck whether people speak in the right tone or gradation, but I do care about grammar and syntax." Thereafter all the professors rushed to prove that they, also, could say "flying fuck." A more ideal opportunity to establish one's authenticity could hardly have been imagined, and the room was quickly suffused with an aura of self-congratulation. Before it was over I found myself sympathizing, however reluctantly, with the beleaguered and hateful Mr. Simon: "As long as the language has linguists, it has no need of enemies." And for the first time I also understood Lionel Trilling's pronouncement, "I find righteous denunciations of the present state of the language no less dismaying than the present state of the language."

Is there any way one can think and talk about the language without falling into the complementary traps of vindictiveness or mindless modernity? Perhaps not. But I have arrived at two working priniciples, one moral, the other intellectual, that at least help.

The first is to remain as conscious as possible of the social and psychological reality underlying the struggle for propriety. In the most immediate instance this means attending to the aggression implicit in one's own verbosity. We can't—and shouldn't—stop correcting, especially those of us who happen to be teachers. But at least we can learn to distrust our motives. When the delicate balance between a love for accurate expression and the wish to assert oneself shifts dangerously in favor of the latter, it's time to call a halt.

My intellectual guideline is that conservatives should come to terms

JESUS, HEAL ME

At the kitchen table, life is opened
briskly as a newspaper.
It is a strategy others have mapped.
Jesus touches your shoulder lightly.
Lightly—not wishing to alarm.

Someone has been exiled to the back yard,
smoking a cigar.
Coughing, hacking, Jesus the meek,
Jesus the impatient,
Jesus the very angry.

Lay-offs, the union, the last meeting
when too many arrived,
always too many,
Jesus the blind,
eyes like glaring coins.

The time-clock, the punch-card, the paper bag
folded and brought home, to be used again.
Later, a bottle of ale.
Several bottles of ale.
Next-door, someone is shouting at a dog.
Here, in the kitchen, someone is yawning.
Toes splayed, an old accident.
Don't remember. Jesus heals.
The newspaper is opened to columns of lottery winners.
The chair creaks in sudden awe.

Joyce Carol Oates

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with history: words and phrases evolve over time, and thus propriety is always a relative matter. It does not follow, however, that whatever people say is right. The issue is vastly more interesting and complex. The best formulation I can give it is that language exists in a kind of tension, and if there are no forces to resist the inevitable process of evolution, the result will be linguistic incoherence. Conservatives, therefore, should think of themselves as performing an essential role in an historical drama. They know that certain causes are lost, but they must fight them nonetheless because that is their part in the play. "Hopefully" is just such a cause, and the linguistic conservative realizes his historical function by contesting it to the bitter end. If nothing else, he distracts the forces of change from launching a premature assault on some other hapless word or phrase.

One would like to see the language defended with more intelligence and love. The participants in the recent San Francisco conference were short on both.

Militant Islam
by G. H. Jansen

(Harper & Row; $8.95, $3.95 paper)

Islam has been getting a bad press in the West of late, a circumstance which distresses Mr. Jansen, who attributes it primarily to Western misunderstanding and to a lingering hostility between the Christian and Moslem worlds which can be traced back to the Crusades. He has set out, therefore, to enlighten us about the true nature of Islam and in so doing to demonstrate that the hostility between the Christian West and the Moslem East emanates almost wholly from the Western side. Barely is he out of the starting gate, however, and almost before he can utter his first cry of "Allahu Akbar!," than he is off and running around the old, familiar, anti-imperialist track, already churned up by the hooves of a thousand polemical hacks before him.

The West, so Mr. Jansen fervently informs us, has held the Moslem East in fear and contempt for centuries. It has oppressed and exploited the Moslem peoples, occupying their lands, depleting their natural resources, denigrating their religion, and generally debasing their lives. Most pernicious of all has been the West's cultural imperialism, which has among other things destroyed the structure of traditional Moslem education and put nothing of comparable value in its place. (According to Mr. Jansen, the European imperial powers founded no universities in the territories they ruled, an accusation that will raise a few eyebrows in India, Pakistan, Malaysia, and Africa.) The *ghazis*, or shock troops, of this cultural offensive, it seems, have been the Western scholars of Islam, whose attitude toward their subject is one of dislike, if not downright antipathy.

All this, it need hardly be said, is a travesty of the history of Western relations with the Moslem world. Mr. Jansen, who has an engaging line in half-truths, evasions, and distortions, shows about as much respect for historical accuracy as the student mobs of Tehran show for the principles of international law. Take, for instance, the glowing account he gives of the Islamic penetration of black Africa ("a story of epic dimensions . . . the finest, truest expression of militant Islam"), spearheaded by Moslem traders, "who, as a class, seem to have been men of extraordinary spiritual power." What Mr. Jansen somehow fails to indicate, by even so much as a whisper, is that one of the staples of their trade was slaves, and that this traffic in Africans by Moslem Arabs was only brought to an end by the efforts of Western Christians. It is difficult to understand how such a devout anti-imperialist as Mr. Jansen could have overlooked such a splendid example of imperialism in action as the destruction of the East African slave trade—a trade in Africans, conducted by Arabs, financed by Indians, and suppressed by the British. It is equally puzzling why he fails to address himself, for all his tedious sermonizing about the superior morality of Islam, to the question why no movement for the abolition of slavery, comparable to that which developed in the Western world, ever arose of its own volition in the Moslem world. Why, in fact, it required the forcible intervention of the Christian powers of Europe, with Britain in the van, before the Moslem East could be brought, slowly and sullenly, to cease its trafficking in human beings.

The explanation for Mr. Jansen's avoidance of these and other potentially embarrassing topics would appear to lie in his own animosity against Western Christendom, an animosity which informs nearly every page of his book and which expresses itself, among other ways, in his categorization of Christianity as a religion unsuited to black Africans, in his ridiculing and vilification of the labors of Christian missionaries, in the silence he observes about the slave hunts conducted in the Sudan by successive rulers of Egypt, in his traducing of the aims and methods of the former British administration in the Sudan which wiped out slave-trading, and in his perverse allocation of blame for the massacre a decade ago of thousands of black Christians in the southern Sudan not to the Moslem government in Khartoum but to the Christian missions in the south. His lengthy section on Islam in Africa ends with a disingenuous boast. "Islam's frontier is still moving forward in Black Africa, a fact of which the rest of Islam knows, of which it is very proud, and which adds to its militancy." How many Moslems, one wonders, are proud of such converts as Idi Amin, or of the fact that during his reign of terror in Uganda he was protected by a praetorian guard of Palestinian mercenaries and propped up by arms and money supplied by Colonel Qaddafi of Libya?

Mr. Jansen, as we shall have occasion to note more fully later, is very free with his sneers at and aspersions upon Western scholars of Islam, whom he accuses of displaying bias and ignorance in their writings. On the evidence he affords here of his own defective knowledge of Islam and Islamic history, he would do well to hold his tongue. He equates the division between Sunni and Shi'i Islam with that between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, a misconception that qualifies—to employ a phrase of Mahatma Gandhi—as a Himalayan blunder. He alleges that because of the Sunni ascendancy, Islam, unlike Christianity, "escaped the destruction of wars made in the name of religion and it escaped the erosion of spiritual values that is bound to result from such wars. . . . In fact, inter-

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Muslim wars have been surprisingly few." In fact, as a closer acquaintance with Islamic history would confirm, sectarian conflict has marked the course of inter-Moslem relations since the early years of Islam: three out of the first four caliphs, after all, met their deaths by an assassin's hand. And if no erosion of spiritual values has taken place in Islam, why, may one ask, have there been so many movements of revival and reform?

The other elementary errors and omissions in Mr. Jansen's book, which there is no space here to list, are of a similar kind. The Moslem state, he says, has to be a republic: it cannot be a monarchy nor can it countenance hereditary succession. What, then, of the Umayyad, Abbasid, and other caliphates? Were they illegitimate? What of the scores of Moslem dynasties that have reigned at one time or another in the lands between Morocco and India? Were they, too, illegitimate? What of the descendants of the Prophet? What of the Hashimite dynasty in Jordan? Or the Saudi dynasty in Arabia? Mr. Jansen is silent on these questions. He does not even consider the nature and function of the caliphate, an institution central to the history of Islam. Likewise he slides rapidly over the position of women in Moslem countries and in Moslem law, and over the fate of minorities under the Moslem dispensation that he favors—heedless, apparently, of the fact that the Middle East is a mosaic of minorities. He dismisses the imposition of the *jizyah*, or poll tax, upon Christians, Jews, and other "people of scripture" (*ahl al-kitab*) in a Moslem state as one of the "crudities" dredged up by the Ayatollah Khomeini. It has a much longer pedigree and active application than that.

Never once in his protracted diatribe against the West for its antagonism to Islam does Mr. Jansen allude to those provisions of the *shari'a*, the law of Islam, which divides the world into the *dar al-Islam*, "Moslem territory," and the *dar al-harb*, "hostile territory" (of which Christendom is the principal constituent); and which go on to declare that between the two entities there can exist only a condition of continuous warfare, which, while it may be interrupted by truces, can never be terminated. Again, in taking the Western world to task for becoming unduly exercised over the so-called "canonical punishments," i.e. beheadings, amputations, floggings, stonings to death for adultery, and so forth, he indignantly asserts that these penalties are only inflicted by "the political exploiters of Islam," those professional politicians and generals in Moslem countries who, "not knowing the deeper truths of their religion," resort for motives of expediency to the Islamic system of punishment. In so doing, he argues, "these secular Islamic leaders . . . give Islam a bad name and give militant Islam an even worse name." Whether Mr. Jansen likes it or not, these punishments are those prescribed by the *shari'a*, and they will be implemented by any Moslem government that is true to the letter of the law of Islam. As for those "secular Islamic leaders" who do not know "the deeper truths of their religion," would he number among them the Ayatollah Khomeini and his fellow divines? Or the late King Faisal of Saudi Arabia and his successor, King Khalid, neither of whom has hesitated to enforce the Koranic penalties whenever the occasion required it? Far from being mere secular rulers, successive Saudi monarchs have borne the title of *imam* of the Wahhabi sect of Islam. But Mr. Jansen tells us nothing of these matters: they tend rather to spoil his case.

In the light of his own less than convincing mastery of the essentials of Islamic law and history, Mr. Jansen's strictures upon Western Islamicists for misinterpreting and misrepresenting Islam strike one as little short of impertinent. Two particular targets of his anathema are the great Dutch Orientalist, C. Snouck Hurgronje, and the eminent British Islamicist, Sir Hamilton Gibb. Hurgronje is accused of manifesting "prejudice and fear" toward Islam, and of being "ignorant about some of the most important and elementary facts about Islam." Leaving to one side the sheer falsity of these charges and Mr. Jansen's unfitness to prefer them, what are we to make of his own attempt to denigrate Hurgronje further by a sneering reference to the fact that he wrote "in the unimportant west European patois that is Dutch"? The disparagement of Gibb's scholarship is of a similar kind ("strangely inept," "solemn nonsense," "dismissive and patronizing") and is equally unjustified. Moreover, it is the rankest ingratitude, for Gibb, whatever Mr. Jansen might say to the contrary, toiled long and hard in the vineyard of Anglo-Arab amity and to foster respect for Islam among Western students. One begins to wonder just what *will* satisfy Mr. Jansen when he is so ready to bite the hand of someone so sympathetic to Arab and Moslem aspirations.

His attack on Western Orientalists of the past is succeeded by a demand that contemporary scholars of Islam and the Middle East should declare their individual interests, "and to say whether they are Arab or pro-Arab, Israeli, pro-Israeli or pro-Zionist." "A very large number of present-day writers on Islam and the Middle East," Mr. Jansen writes,

> patently belong to one of the last three groups mentioned. The Arab writers, of course, stand out because of their names, and their works tend to be taken automatically as being partisan and propagandist. Such is not the case with the Israeli or pro-Israeli writer: their works are accepted as the product of objective scholarship, which in very many cases they are not.

It would seem, when taken in conjunction with Mr. Jansen's remark elsewhere, that the work of Western Orientalists "is in need of revision, if not rewriting," that what he is advocating is the establishment of some kind of Moslem Holy Office, which would examine what is written on the Middle East and then, depending upon whether or not the work in question conformed to the doctrinal requirements of the Islamic lobby, either grant or withhold its imprimatur. Substance is lent to this conjecture by Mr. Jansen's outburst later in his book against an English

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journalist for making

> a remark of such arrogant silliness as to convince a militant Muslim that the spirit of the arrogant missionary and the silly Crusader is still alive in England today, and that only a greater degree of punitive militancy will bring the West to understanding or at least politeness.

While Mr. Jansen's call for scholars to be branded according to his narrow categories can be dismissed for the insolent nonsense it is, it might nevertheless be instructive to apply his injunction about a declaration of interest to his own book. What does Mr. Jansen offer us by way of a prefatory warning about his own political, national, and religious loyalties? Not a word. Instead we are left to deduce what we can from the few clues he scatters about, inadvertently or otherwise, and from the scraps of information afforded by his publisher. We are told by the latter that he is "the Levant correspondent of the *Economist*," that he "now lives in Cyprus (where he enjoys gourmet picnics)," and that he "worked in the Indian diplomatic service." Now who would have guessed from his name that Godfrey Jansen was an Indian? Next we find Mr. Jansen, in the dedication to his book, according to his wife the prefix "Hajja," i.e., one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Could it be that Mr. Jansen's wife is a Moslem? Is it possible that he is too?

Further evidence of a special interest is provided by the fact that when his book appeared in Britain it was reviewed in the *Economist* by Barbara Smith, who is the Middle East correspondent of that journal. And what did Smith have to say of her colleague's work? Not only that it was "a splendidly timely book" which "demolishes a wall of Christian myths about an Islam red in tooth and claw," but also that it was "gently erudite, felicitously phrased," and "full of glancing enlightenment." Among the shafts of enlightenment that it dispensed, according to Smith, was the revelation that the character and role of the imamate in Shi'i Islam approximated that of the papacy in Roman Catholicism—another blunder that qualifies for the Gandhi award. (It would be interesting to see how the Ayatollah Khomeini, who has been accorded the title of "imam" by the Iranian Shi'a, would react to being told that he was something like the pope.

With advocates like Mr. Jansen, Islam has little need of detractors. His pious avowals that Islam is a religion of compassion ring rather hollow when set against the economic distress caused to the poorer countries of Asia and Africa by the huge increases in the price of oil imposed by the Moslem oil-producing states in recent years—a subject on which Mr. Jansen maintains a discreet silence. There is a hollow ring also to his reiterated claim, the central thesis of his book, that the militancy now being exhibited by Islam is in reality nothing more than a "sincere" and "laudable" attempt "to square the conduct of public life with the principles of religion." "The one encouraging factor for Muslim reformers today," he asserts, "is that the attempt is now being made more seriously and intelligently than ever before and in more than one country at the same time." Where exactly is this "sincere," "laudable," and "intelligent" Moslem reformation taking place? In Libya, where a sinister buffoon holds his people in thrall while acting as the paymaster and instigator of terrorism in a dozen countries? In Iraq, where the Sunni Ba'athist junta, allied to the Soviet Union, keeps the Shi'i majority of the population in subjection? In South Yemen, where a Marxist dictatorship, itself securely under the Soviet thumb, has turned the country into a large concentration camp? In Iran? In Afghanistan? To ask such questions is not to be anti-Moslem, as Mr. Jansen would doubtless have it, but to act in the spirit of free inquiry which is at the heart of modern Western civilization. If independence of thought and an aversion to cant are held to be synonymous with inveterate hostility, then there is little hope of understanding between Christendom and Islam.

J. B. Kelly

J. B. Kelly is a British historian, specializing in British relations with the Middle East. He is the author of *Eastern Arabian Frontiers, Britain and the Persian Gulf, 1795-1880*, and the forthcoming *Arabia, the Gulf and the West*.

The Transit of Venus
by Shirley Hazzard

(Viking; $10.95)

It's been a 10-year wait for Shirley Hazzard's new novel—so long a period that I had to go back to her earlier novels (*The Evening of the Holiday, People in Glass Houses, The Bay of Noon*) and read them as if for the very first time. Or at least, I intended to read them that way, but it's strange how much of her work lingers subliminally. You've had stuck in the back of your mind forever, it seems, a certain passage or thought or turn of phrase, and you can't imagine whose it is; and then you open one of her books and think, "So this is where it came from!"

A character silently reflects, for instance, that people are said to have "streaks" only of negative qualities—a streak of cruelty, a streak of cowardice—and immediately his companion remarks of someone, "She has a noble streak." A man who finds a woman ordinary, unremarkable, is all at once profoundly moved by the way she rolls up her sleeve to retrieve a narrow gold bracelet from a fountain. Someone on her way to a meeting that will change her life, although she doesn't yet know it, sees a city square suddenly immobilized, as if it were an antique picture postcard, with one lonely car parked at the curb, and it strikes her that she herself possesses something of "the same anonymous, arrested look—captured, as the saying goes, in the picture; serving to show, merely, by human contrast, the dimension of buildings, to date the photograph unwittingly with my clothes and hair; somebody purloined from a crowd to act as an example." Small moments, yes, but so precise and apt that they stay on and on. They are indications of something larger: of the web of mysteries and wry twists and surprises that Shirley Hazzard perceives to underlie every human event.

The Transit of Venus is, in fact, a wonderfully mysterious book. It asks not "Whodunit?" (though there is a crime of sorts, or even several crimes), but instead, "What kind of people are these, really? How did they arrive at this juncture? Where are they going? What is it all about?" And it's a peculiar satisfaction that these questions are never truly answered—that they are

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impossible to answer. Both plot and characters are complex and puzzling and many-layered; reading about them, we feel gifted, privileged. It would diminish them, and us as well, if they were too fully explained.

There are two heroines—sisters emerging from a bleak, orphaned childhood in Australia and coming to England to seek their fortunes. Caro is dark, striking, cool. Grace is blond and pretty, more easily domesticated. Neither is quite what she seems; both turn unexpected sides to us, like those

photo of Shirley Hazzard by Joyce Ravid

metallic Christmas tree ornaments that lazily revolve on their strings to send off a sudden flash of light. The book covers almost their entire lives. We meet them when they're girls, dip back to view their earliest years, travel forward to their middle age. They fall in love, they marry, they get old. That's all there is to it—but not really.

They are introduced through the eyes of a young man who arrives at a household carrying his cheap suitcase, "like a governess in an old story, who marries into the noble family." Here the wry twist is at the reader's expense. (Admit it, the writer is saying: wasn't that exactly what you were thinking—that he'd marry the pretty girl on the stairs? But in fact the girl is not a member of the family after all, and the household never really comes to accept the young man, who at any rate turns out not to be the governess type.) Moreover, the weather in this scene is so extreme that it seems at first inappropriate, a case of swatting mosquitoes with machine guns. There is a violent rainstorm, the electricity goes off, the crops stand "upright in the fields like hair on end." It's not till much, much later that we perceive the importance of the storm, and we wonder then why we ever doubted it—haven't we learned by now that Shirley Hazzard never wastes a gesture? Every line is beautifully considered. The most minor character has his role, and there isn't a single occurrence that fails to tie in, intricately, economically, with the flow of the central plot.

And what power she gives to each word! Language—its ironies and ambiguities—almost becomes a character in its own right. Take, for instance, "got himself," used twice on the same page by the same difficult old professor: "'Christian has got himself engaged'—implying naive bungling—'to an Australian girl.'" And, "It was downright fashionable these days to be a poor boy from a grimy town, a clever boy who got himself—the phrase implying contrivance this time—to a great university and made his impression there." The most casual expressions are suddenly examined under a microscope. "Sefton Thrale said to himself that Ted Tice would wind up in America: 'That is where he will wind up'—a young man's ambition envisaged as a great winch on which abilities might be deftly and profitably coiled."

The perfect simile, the exactly right metaphor, is arrived at by so breathtaking a leap that it stops us in our tracks, causes us to pause and consider it privately before we applaud and move on: the "little curled chrysanthemum of a dog," the old man who, when challenged, would give off a "cloud of confused indignation . . . like dust from an old book whose covers have been banged together for cleaning."

Not a detail is overlooked, but what makes the descriptions resonate is that the physical detail here implies the mental detail, or is it the other way around? There is, at any rate, something turned inside out, more exposed than mere listing of hair length and eye color, in this description of the sisters:

> You could see the two sisters had passed through some unequivocal experience, which, though it might not interest others, had formed and indissolubly bound them. It was the gravity with which they sat, ate, talked and, you could practically say, laughed. It was whatever they exchanged, not looking at one another but making a pair. It was their eyes resting on you, or on the wall or table, weighing up the situation from a distance of events and feelings: their eyes, which had the same darkness if not the same distinction.

But if I had to choose a passage, a single paragraph that would introduce Shirley Hazzard to someone who had never read her, it would be the inconsequential moment when a woman named Tertia drives off in her Bentley: "Outside, the car rolled backwards to a herbaceous border, where it crouched to spring. Petrol was exhaled on candytuft. Then Tertia dashed away, scattering small stones." Straightforward enough, on the face of it. But look again. In its verve and angularity, its deliberate eschewal of the obvious, it becomes elliptical, surprising, almost discomfiting. It suggests that everything in the world—even the departure of an automobile—can be, in Shirley Hazzard's hands, unforgettably rich and mysterious.

Anne Tyler

Anne Tyler's novel, *Morgan's Passing*, will be published in March by Knopf.

Jimmy Carter: An Interpretive Biography by Bruce Mazlish and Edwin Diamond

(Simon & Schuster; $11.95)

For all the glory of being president of the United States, it must be a pain in the neck to have to live with the constant, eager, insistent attentions of gossip columnists, photographers, television cameramen, and ultimately, the many of us who are more royalist than we care to realize. It is one thing for observers to watch closely a president's policies, his various actions as an important officeholder; these days, however, what he eats for lunch, a slip he makes debarking a plane (or, God help him, speaking), a bit of exhaustion on a jog, become "news"—and more: indicators for an insatiably curious public of a

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particular leader's "nature" or mood or prospects. But if presidents stimulate silly gossip or a tea leaf kind of analysis and divination, they also receive the intense regard of historians, political scientists, serious journalists—men and women whose important business it is to help us understand the lives and times, as the saying goes, of these powerful individuals who get to call 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue their address for a maximum of eight years, at the expense of all of us.

Bruce Mazlish is an historian who has embraced psychology and used it to try to figure out not only figures of the past but prominent people still very much with us—Nixon and Kissinger, for instance. Now Mazlish has joined up with Edwin Diamond, a former *Newsweek* journalist and more recently a teacher of political science at MIT, to look at Jimmy Carter, who has yet to finish his first term. The authors are presumably aware of the difficulty they face—an evaluation of a man when he is far from being through with his performance. (This book was written when that first term was scarcely half over.) Perhaps the authors would claim that their main interest is psychology, as certainly seems the case; and so the issue is a man's emotional life—today rather commonly and wrongly considered set in childhood, never mind by Carter's age when he ran the first time, 50 or so. But Mazlish has shifted course a bit. Nixon merited a "psycho historical inquiry"; Carter is getting a more conventional treatment: a so-called "interpretive biography" (what other kind is there?) or "a character portrait."

Nowhere in this book is that word "character" defined—a terribly important theoretical issue for contemporary psychoanalytic theory, which is long on diagnostic terms such as "character disorder," with such adjectival subspecies as "hysterical," "obsessive-compulsive," "narcissistic," and on and on, all used frequently with a distinctly pejorative implication. But that same theory doesn't help us much when it comes even to defining the word "character," let alone exploring the normative implications of such a word. And then there is the question of excellence, of achievement. In an interesting essay titled "Art and Art Education" (1964) Bruno Bettelheim helps us get very close to the heart of the matter. Referring to "all psychoanalytic studies of great artists," he reminds us that "thousands of people with the same life history and the same emotional disturbance roam the earth and create nothing, or at best empty scribbling." Then he goes further: "Again and again Freud stated that he had no answer as to why certain psychological constellations, which he deduced to exist in great artists, enabled them to create works of art." And since clinicians know from their daily work with hurt, depressed, or outright psychotic patients that those "psychological constellations" are to be found in men and women without the least of artistic ambitions, let alone achievements, there seems no point trying to find a clue to literary and artistic performance in psychopathology. Bettelheim bluntly insists that "psychoanalysis simply cannot explain creativity."

The same difficulties weigh heavily on those who want to "explain" historical figures. There are, after all, many kinds of creativity, and when one starts sorting out the psychology of our various politicians or of those who have receded into the folds of history, to be (sometimes) considered statesmen, the discoveries are far from world-shaking: all the humdrum worries and fears and hang-ups to which we humans are heir. When Professor Mazlish wrote his book on Nixon, he kept on coming up with evidence of—what? Nixon's membership in the human family. Since Mazlish, for understandable reasons, didn't like Nixon, the psychological descriptions leveled at the former president appeared to be a kind of devious assault: reductionist psychiatry as highflown slander—to the point that a dismal miracle took place. The reader who had contempt for Nixon the chronic liar and finally the out-and-out crook now could feel a distinct sympathy for a man, yes, hit unfairly below the belt.

Mazlish and Diamond bear no animus toward President Carter; and they seem haunted by the past (and unfortunately, still continuing) errors, if not sins, committed in the name of "psychohistory" or "applied psychology." They have just about abandoned the word if not the notion of "psychohistory" or "psychobiography"; they take exceeding care to remind themselves and the rest of us who come upon their speculations that there has to be, constantly, a context to psychological description, never mind attribution. So we are given this: "Family played, and continues to play a major role in Jimmy Carter's life, as it does for all of us." And

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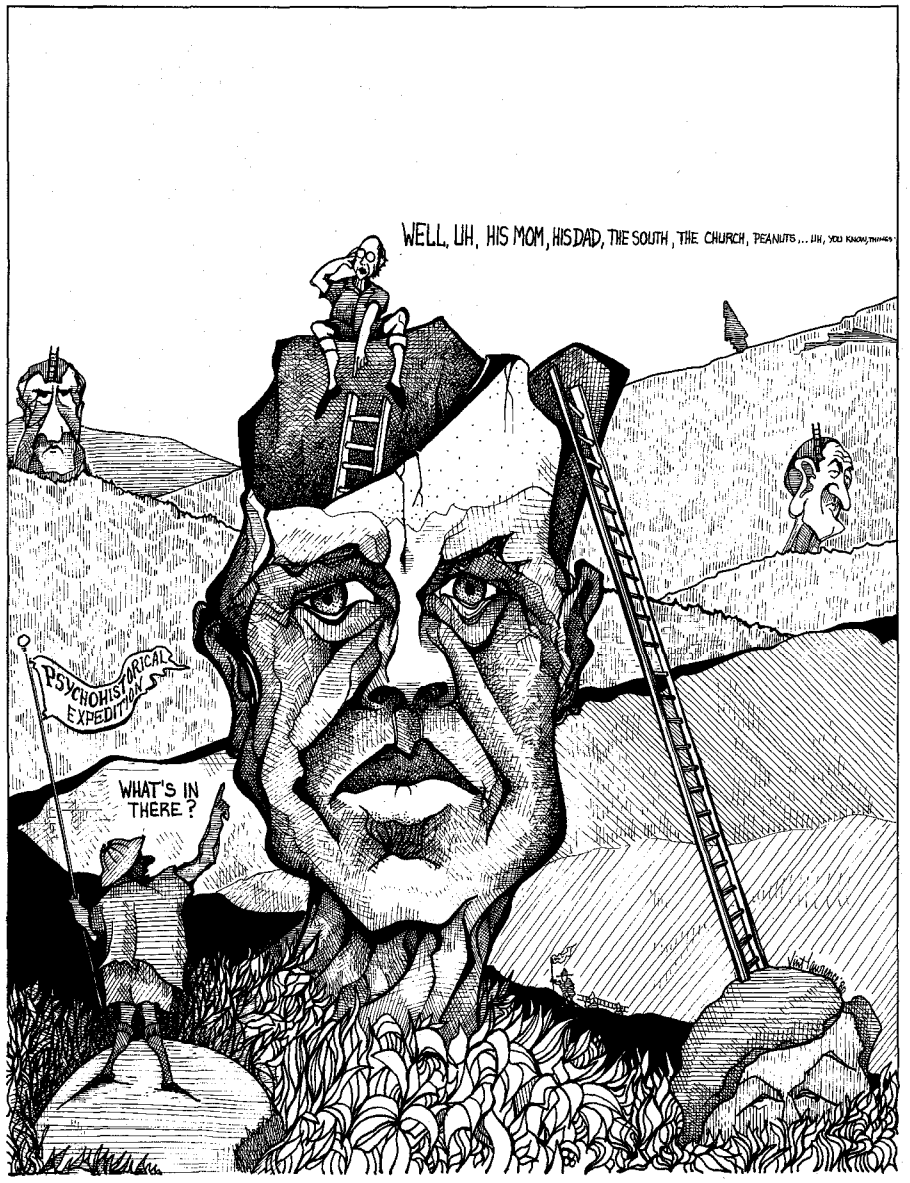

drawing by Vint Lawrence

this: "Carter's feelings about his father, and his mother, were necessarily mixed, as with any of us." All to the good; but the authors know that if we keep on being told that, as we must be, then soon enough we're going to ask what the point is—to prove Jimmy Carter is one of us four billion or more human beings presently alive? The way out for Mazlish and Diamond is revealed in this brief statement: "But for him, family had a special intensity." How do we know that? A comparison is being made—but who are those whose family life supports such an assertion? Those who live in the South, those who write about the South, are constantly mentioning the importance of "family," of kith and kin, to that region's people. And for all our troubles up north, there are still, one guesses, thousands and thousands of families capable of generating the kind of "intensity" the authors single out as "special."

The same holds for the other psychological generalizations about Carter handed us. We are told that "it is the voice of his father that tells [Carter] he must excel, must win. More than most of us, Jimmy Carter must listen to that voice and measure up to its demands." Or again: "Most of us, of course, are complex; Jimmy Carter, however, is *more* complex . . . " (Italics the authors'). This is an entirely conjectural, subjective estimate offered as if it were an unquestionable truth. Exactly what evidence do the authors have to substantiate their quantitative comparison? Why do they bother to make the assertion? Do they really know Carter well enough to say that? Do they know "most of us" well enough? It would have been so easy to say that they wondered whether, maybe, Jimmy Carter isn't a bit more this, a bit less that. But this is not the age of the essay, or the gladly impressionistic observer; it is social *science* we hold to be so precious.

Even more troubling is a certain circularity in many of the psychological judgments. We are told, for instance, that a "theme running deepest in his character, can be described as the fusion of contradictions." Carter, it seems, has many sides to himself, and they all don't come together logically. So it is with each and every one of us, the authors surely know. "The ambiguities that could tear another person apart are held together in Jimmy Carter." Yes, obviously—though one still wonders precisely which other person or people the authors have in mind. The inmates of Georgia's Milledgeville state hospital for the insane? The professors of history or political science at Emory—or MIT and Harvard? The psychiatrists who have offices on Atlanta's Peachtree Street, or Cambridge's Brattle Street? The ordinary working people of Georgia, and every other state in this Union, who each day try to hold together things in themselves, and even if unobserved, unanalyzed, uncelebrated, do a pretty good job of it? Are we saying that a man who becomes president is, by definition, able to pull together some of the contradictions in his mental life better than "most of us," a phrase to which the authors incline? Had Carter lost to Carl Sanders in the Georgia gubernatorial race of 1970, or to Gerald Ford in 1976, what might some shrink have made of what the authors call the "fusion of contradictions" in him? Of course, that's the rub—Carter's success (rather than his "psychodynamics") has prompted the authors to take elements in his personal life and single them out, make more of them, contrast them with corresponding elements in the lives of other people—a reasoning that reminds one, perilously, of the chicken and the egg.

Then there are these nuggets of stunning 20th-century wisdom: "what we don't understand, threatens us"; or "an understanding of the 'real' Jimmy Carter involves real understanding of ourselves as well"; or "some men marry their mothers: 'a gal just like the gal that married dear old Dad.'" Such dreary psychological banalities yield at moments to an outrageous condescension—as in the following quotation, necessarily long so that the full flavor of smugness, topped by a pretentious (and stupid) "psychological" finale may be conveyed:

> A lawyer in a large firm in New York, a friend of Moyers', had said to him, 'What bothers me about Jimmy Carter, the human being, is that he strikes me as a decent but provincial and narrow-minded man from the South.' Moyers put this comment as a challenge to Carter.

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Carter's reply did little to dispel the hick image; he went over the colleges he had attended, his travels to foreign countries, his conversations with leaders in foreign affairs, and his extensive readings about American politics, turning the question into one about his ability to lead a pluralistic society. He gave a political speech, and an unconvincing one at that. But how can 'provincialism' be judged? Carter says in his autobiography that he has read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. He gives no aesthetic reaction, only a political one: that the character of the 'people' determines history. He quotes Niebuhr and Dylan Thomas, again without much 'intellectual' discussion. Carter reads for his own personal purposes; he wants to know what these thinkers mean for his own life and the way he should lead it. He does not read in an impersonal, scholarly fashion, seeking deeper meanings or literary and cultural trends. He reads, in short, for self-improvement, to learn to 'govern' himself and others.

Talking about "provincialism"—the Cambridge, Massachusetts kind! Exactly who doesn't read "for his own personal purposes"? As for those "deeper meanings or literary and cultural trends" (such as this book, presumably, is meant to offer), there probably *is* a "psychological" factor that keeps Carter from "seeking" them: a chronic level-headedness.

There are indeed psychological "factors" that have had a bearing on Carter's life; he is intelligent, perceptive, hard working, resourceful, determined, willful. Such characteristics "explain" about as much with respect to his "character" as any recourse to psychology is likely to provide. His success, the authors finally acknowledge, has been significantly the result of "political chance," "luck," "the bad luck of others." Once one acknowledges such elements—part of everyone's experience on this earth—one has left behind the various determinisms that have entranced so many of us social scientists in recent decades; one is keeping company with notions of fate, of accident, of providential circumstances; one is within calling distance, surely, of the humanities: the sense and sensibility of novelists—or of historians and biographers, who of course appraise the minds of those they study, but feel compelled to do so with tact, discrimination, humor, skepticism, and above all a sense of proportion. A good example would be Tolstoy's reflections in the epilogue to *War and Peace* on the relationship between individuals and the various events that make up history. As a matter of fact, Hamilton Jordan did right well when he told the authors some of the influences, apart from Carter's parents, that ought be considered:

'I understand what it is in his background that's causing him to do things. If I enumerated—and again, I'd think about this a lot if I had a chance to put it down on paper—it's the rural South. . . . It's the influence of the church. It's growing up in the depression. . . . It's the military experience and engineering experience, and it's coming back to Plains and starting with nothing and being successful as a small businessman. It's exposure to politics. It's being a Democratic President, who's not performing as a Democratic President is supposed to.'

Years ago Mazlish offered us a subtle, knowing history. Diamond is an intelligent, sophisticated journalist and scholar. A pity they (and not a few of the rest of us) have gotten bogged in a particular slough. Carter's rise craves what these two might have offered: an historian's scrutiny, a journalist's penetrating study. We need a bit more, I fear, than this: "Their votes—approval, love—reaffirm the lifelong process of proving yourself, and improving yourself"; or "Carter makes love and aggression serve each other." The South has not lacked for marvelous storytellers and inspired historians; maybe one or two of them will, someday, attempt to do justice to Carter's life—and our American life during his presidency.

Robert Coles

Injury to Insult: Unemployment, Class, and Political Response
by Kay Schlozman and Sidney Verba

(Harvard University Press; $20)

One of the recurrent puzzles of American politics is the relative quiescence of working and poor people, even when political issues arise that seem to bear directly on their class interests. By contrast, in much of Europe the working class appears to be an organized and articulate presence in national politics. This contrast in turn has given rise to the common arguments offered to solve the American puzzle. One such argument is that the quiescence of American workers on class issues is a reflection of the exceptional affluence they have experienced in a burgeoning economy, at least in the past, and also a reflection of their relatively greater class mobility, also made possible by a rapidly expanding economy. But if this is so, then we should expect that working and poor people would become more articulate and active during periods of economic contraction. And in particular we would expect that those who are especially hard hit during periods of contractions, those who become unemployed, would become politically aroused and active. Yet during the relatively high unemployment of the 1970s, the unemployed have remained silent. Why?

Kay Schlozman and Sidney Verba, both political scientists, set out to answer that question by probing the experience and perceptions of the unemployed themselves by means of a survey of 1370 respondents, almost half of whom are unemployed. (Designed as they are for other purposes, most surveys contain too few unemployed respondents to provide reliable data of this kind.) The suppositions that guide Schlozman's and Verba's analysis are sensible and simple. They assume that whether hardships lead to political activity depends on the beliefs people hold about their situation and what can be done about it. Accordingly, they set out to discover whether the experience of unemployment in the 1970s is in fact one of hardship; whether that hardship is translated into beliefs about politics; and whether these beliefs in turn result in political activism. A number of their findings deserve to be noticed, if only to try to put to rest some cruel myths.

First, in contradiction to preachings of conservative critics who like to say that unemployment in the 1970s is mainly a reflection of the laziness or willfulness of the unemployed—a laziness or willfulness encouraged by government benefits—only 12 percent of the unemployed respondents in this survey

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were unemployed because they quit their jobs. Just under half had lost their jobs, and the remainder were either new entrants or reentrants into the labor market. Not surprisingly, unemployment was concentrated among lower-income workers—among clericals, laborers, and service workers—who had least to cushion their hard times. And also not surprisingly, unemployment was concentrated among women, blacks, and youth. Moreover—and this is important—those who were unemployed were neither housewives looking for jobs to pay off the new car nor teenagers wanting pocket money; fully two-thirds, including a large number of women, were the breadwinners of their families.

The overwhelming proportion of these respondents reported great financial and psychological strain. Nor (as some sociologists seem to think) was the strain more severe for those who had previously been in better-paid white-collar positions, thus presumably suffering the larger status loss. To the contrary, it was those who had been badly off and then became worse off who reported the most difficulties, who talked hardest about both the struggle to make ends meet and about the self-doubt and anxiety they had to endure. In short, as the authors say, unemployment hurts, and it hurts those at the bottom most.

How then do these circumstances affect political beliefs? Although the authors argue at the outset that for unemployment to become politicized, the unemployed would simply need to think of their situation as shared with others, and as susceptible to remedy by the government, they interpose before they ask these questions another and more conventional sort of inquiry into the social ideology of both the employed and the unemployed.

Thus a great deal of attention is devoted to responses to items designed to probe whether Americans generally, and the unemployed in particular, believe in the American Dream, and whether they demonstrate "class consciousness." The authors report that a large majority of their respondents affirm that the route to success in America is hard work, that they are confident of their personal opportunities, and that the responses of the unemployed on these questions are not much different from those who are employed. Similarly, and consistent with many other studies, no matter what their occupational status, most workers do not identify themselves as working-class in response to an open-ended question (union members are somewhat more class conscious according to this measure), and the unemployed are only slightly less likely to identify with the middle class than other workers. Other measures of class consciousness, such as belief in the need for workers to stick together and belief that the interests of management and workers conflict, are only slightly stronger among those in lower occupational positions. The unemployed are not more likely to hold these beliefs once the fact that those who are out of work are more likely to come from the bottom of the scale (where those beliefs are more prevalent in the first place) is taken into account. At first glance, this sort of inquiry seems to lead to the conclusion that experience—in this case the experience of unemployment—does not affect social ideology, or indeed even the assessments that the unemployed make of their own opportunities.

Now what are we to make of this? That American social ideology is so powerful as to resist the impact of experience, even so harsh and devastating an experience as unemployment, and even persisting unemployment? On the face of it, that does not sit well; it suggests that only researchers think, not ordinary people. It also seems inconsistent with the historical fact that unemployed Americans do sometimes erupt in political activity (albeit not necessarily the voting activity that Schlozman and Verba define as the ultimate test of political interest and participation). It may be that unemployment does affect social ideology, but that the emergence of a deviant social ideology is an uncertain, inconsistent, and elusive thing, leading people to answer survey questions by giving the rote American Dream answers that seem to be expected of them.

This is of course merely speculative. But some parts of the Schlozman and Verba findings make it reasonable speculation. In follow-up interviews designed to supplement the telephone survey, the unemployed appeared to have complex and confused interpretations of unemployment; they offered many explanations, blaming and absolving many groups, and also ascribed their own particular circumstances to bad luck. Still, most said the government could do more.

When respondents in the larger survey were asked relatively concrete questions about what the government should do, they answered in ways that Schlozman and Verba themselves say should generate political activism. Thus half the working respondents thought government should provide for the needy, and three-quarters thought government should end unemployment. Moreover, the unemployed (as well as low-status workers) were far more likely to favor these measures, even to the extent of thinking government should simply hire the unemployed. Consistently, the unemployed and low-status workers also favored taxing the rich to redistribute wealth. There was little relation, it should be noted, between the responses people gave to these sorts of questions and the responses they offered to the generalized social ideology questions, suggesting again the possibility that what the researchers tapped when they asked about social ideology was more a catechism than a profile of troubled or emerging beliefs.

There is still another reason to wonder about the significance of the conforming social ideology profile yielded by this survey. Blacks consistently responded diff rently. They were more dissatisfied with their income and personal circumstances, and this regardless of their employment status. They were less credulous of the American Dream, even when they were optimistic about their own personal opportunities. Blacks were not only more race conscious, but more class conscious as well. And black respondents were more likely to favor specific government action to deal with economic hardship. Now one could treat this as evidence that there exists some rock-hard and mysterious difference in the political culture of white and black Americans. More likely, it is evidence of the effects of the black movement of the 1960s which had a formative and quickly felt influence on black political culture,

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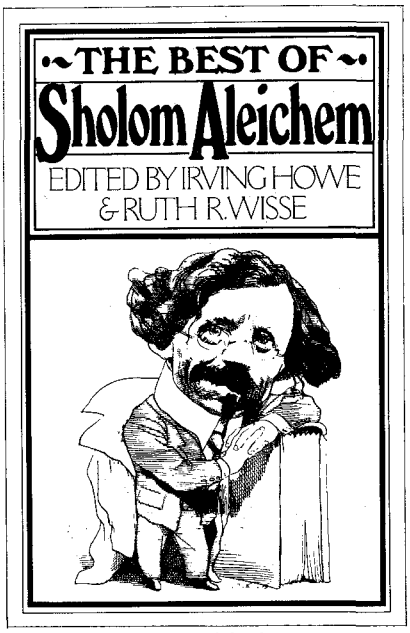

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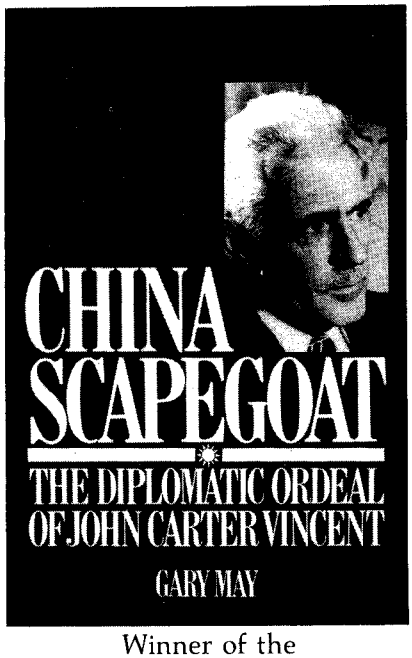

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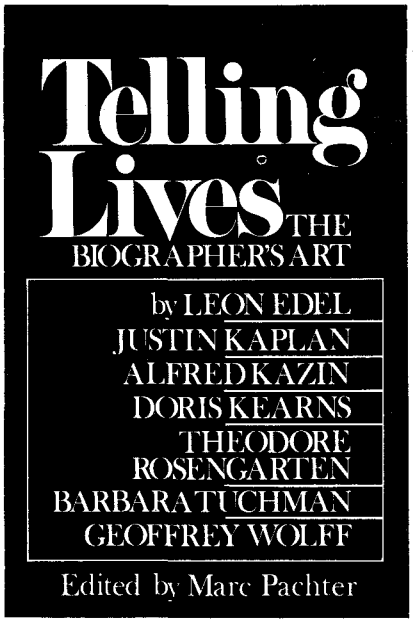

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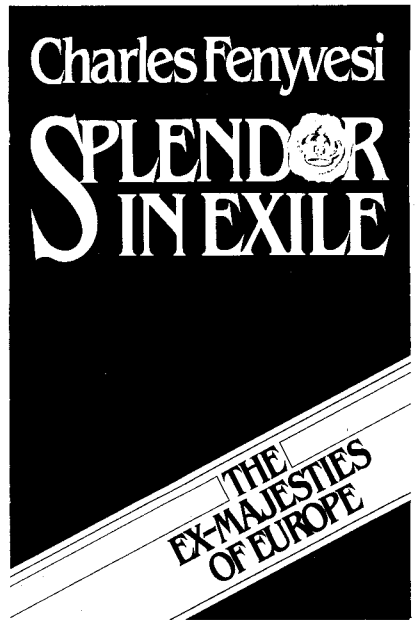

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and which now helps blacks articulate discontents and beliefs which may for others remain confused and inchoate.

Nevertheless, social ideology aside, the responses of the unemployed suggest they at least think government should act on their behalf. This of itself is a basis in belief for political participation by the unemployed. When Schlozman and Verba turn to political participation, however, they mean mainly whether people turn out to vote, which they define as "the single most important means" of political action. To be sure, they include some familiar measures of organizational involvement and political interest, but we have known for a long time that these are measures of middle-class political participation, and it is not surprising to find that the unemployed are relatively inactive in middle-class activities. In any case, what is significant from the authors' perspective is that the unemployed are inactive as voters, even less active than one would expect given the fact that they are concentrated at the bottom of the class structure where voter turnout is always low.

What Schlozman and Verba reveal at this juncture is a gap or contradiction in their own model. They have shown that the unemployed experience real hardship, and that the relevant beliefs of the unemployed should orient them to political action. But the unemployed do not act—at least they do not act in the ways that Schlozman and Verba think they should act if they mean to be political. Other insightful analysts of American politics, such as E. E. Schattschneider and Walter Dean Burnham, have given us at least partial answers to this puzzle. They suggest that low rates of participation among people at the bottom of the society are a reflection of barriers generated by the political system itself, and not of the underdeveloped political attitudes and behavior of the bottom third of American society. In other words, poor people do not participate in elections very much because they are cynical about elections, and they are right to be cynical. Indeed, Schlozman and Verba provide some confirmation of this, without noting as much. In a measure they call "political alienation," as if it were an esoteric malady instead of an opinion, they report that the overwhelming majority of their respondents thought government was run by a few big interests, and that an even higher percentage of the unemployed thought so. Perhaps the unemployed dimly understand that they cannot win at the polls, and await the political definitions and the political opportunity that will help them assert their rights on the streets to which American politics has relegated them.

But Schlozman and Verba ignore what the unemployed have to say about the government, and by implication the electoral system, because they themselves believe in electoral politics. To reaffirm these beliefs, they conclude with a discussion of the political activities of other well-meaning groups on behalf of the inert unemployed. They end with the soothing message that perhaps it doesn't matter much that the unemployed are quiescent; others have taken up their cause, demonstrating that American politics is not so self-interested after all. Unemployment, however, remains high, and I remain skeptical.

Frances Fox Piven

Frances Fox Piven is professor of political science at Boston University, and author, with Richard A. Cloward, of *The Politics of Turmoil: Essays on Poverty, Race, and the Urban Crisis* (Random House).

States and Social Revolutions by Theda Skocpol

(Cambridge University Press; $29.50, $7.95 paper)

Theda Skocpol's book, which deals with the three major revolutions of the modern world—the French Revolution of 1789, the Russian revolutions of 1917 and 1928, and the Chinese revolutions of 1911 and 1949—offers a major new interpretation of revolution in lieu of the Marxian stereotype.

I shall confine my attention to the contrast between this book and the Marxist theory of revolution. Marx presented a theory of class struggles, based on the mounting contradiction between the technical and organizational forces of production on the one hand, and the framework of property relations on the other. Once the leading strata of the people (the bourgeoisie under feudalism or the class-conscious labor movement under capitalism) rise up against the existing organization of production and its political superstructure, a greater satisfaction of human wants becomes possible and the class struggle nears a final crisis. The revolutionary classes are driven to revolt by exploitation. The Marxist theory emphasizes class conflicts within society between the owners of land or capital and their servants or employees. By focusing on capitalism, the theory emphasizes the contrast between potential abundance for the many and the actual concentration of wealth in the hands of the few. In this model, the state and its international setting become secondary factors.

Against this perspective Professor Skocpol advances an approach which is oriented more toward the state and the international struggle for power. It is also more determinist than the Marxian model. She treats the state as an independent factor in its own right, not as part of the dependent superstructure as Marx would have it. Before the French, Russian, and Chinese revolutions occurred, the old regime in each country showed signs of breakdown which came about as a result of conflicts of interest among the several groups making up the dominant classes. Consistent with the author's structuralist, anti-subjectivist approach, she explicitly dismisses "legitimacy" as an explanatory factor, although in the next sentence she says that the support or acquiescence of the politically powerful groups matter most. And yet "lost confidence" in the czar by the dominant strata from 1915 on is said to be one of the ways in which "conditions translate themselves into a revolutionary crisis." For reasons that are obscure, to me at least, the author is resolute in her exclusion of subjective factors at the theoretical level, but her description of the historical evidence includes them at many points.

In any case, the conflicts among the dominant groups are compounded by the disruptive impact of each country's international setting. The European hegemony of France was threatened in the 18th century; China proved impotent against the intrusion of European

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imperialist powers; and Russia suffered military defeats in 1905 and 1917. Professor Skocpol then shows that old-regime crises turn into revolutions where they are exacerbated by peasant insurrections, urban upheavals, and the dissent of leaders from the dominant groups. The factors leading to these disturbances in the midst of old-regime society are manifold and include the whole crisis *within* the dominant groups. However, the author, like her teacher, Barrington Moore, gives pride of place to the causes of agrarian unrest. Consequently, she pays particular attention to the agrarian social structure—the property relations within peasant society—in order to relate these to the revolutionary outcomes in France, Russia, and China. A few reflections will place this latter discussion in perspective.

The strategy of analyzing revolutions offered in this book is very persuasive. It makes sense of the obvious fact that the great revolutions of the modern world have occurred in predominantly agrarian countries in the context of old regimes weakened by outside pressures and internal tensions. Professor Skocpol rightly warns against facile generalization from the three cases she has analyzed and yet asserts—again rightly, I believe—that proper modification of the framework she has used will lend itself to the analysis of other revolutions. This is a very considerable achievement, even if one has doubts in general or in detail.

In presenting her approach the author is well aware both of the defects of Marx's theory and of her own differences with it. Hers is a determinist or structural model which banishes man as an historical actor. In this view and despite his materialist outlook, Marx actually appears somewhat deluded in his assertion that *"Men make their own history, . . .* they do not make it under circumstances chosen by themselves, but under circumstances directly found, given and transmitted from the past." Does Professor Skocpol really want to revise that statement to read "Men do not make their own history . . ."? I do not think so, although some of her statements about the "nonvoluntarist, structural perspective" of the book can be read in that way. For when Professor Skocpol analyzes the internal conflicts of an old regime or the sources of peasant discontent, she gives attention to the role of ideas, else there would be no room for her probing analysis of conflicts among dominant groups of an old regime, or of the different sources of discontent among the masses. A sentence like "Modern/educated students and military officers developed radical nationalist views that synthesized provincial loyalties with hostility to the 'alien' Manchu dynasty" does not seem compatible with this nonvoluntarist, strutural approach, since it refers to the activity of men. Yet when we read of czarist Russia that "the inexorable consequences for the Imperial regime were military defeats and economic and administrative chaos. These in turn gave rise to the revolutionary crisis. Objective conditions allowed no other outcome," we are back to a completely determinist stance—even despite the reference on the very next page to "the peculiar behavior of Tsar Nicholas."

These are not occasional inconsistencies. Uncertainty—indeterminism—seems to be ruled out by the author's theoretical statements of her nonvoluntarist position in the first chapter, although her empirical analysis makes use when needed of men acting in history. However, these latter references can always be "explained" by the circumstances that determine those actions. By tending in this direction the author commits the fallacy of retrospective determinism. Since she knows the outcome and wants to explain the three most conspicuous examples of successful revolutions, Professor Skocpol abridges the record so as to exclude the uncertainties men faced at the time. Are we entitled to impute our knowledge of what actually happened to the time of the revolutionary crisis? Professor Butterfield in a famous argument did not think so:

> Instead of seeing the modern world emerge as the victory of the children of light over the children of darkness in any generation, it is at least better to see it emerge as the result of a clash of wills, a result which often neither party wanted or even dreamed of, a result which indeed in some cases both parties would have hated, but a result for the achievement of which the existence of both and the clash of both were necessary. (*The Whig Interpretation of History*)

Of course, Professor Skocpol writes in the last part of the 20th century and is far too sophisticated to endorse the earlier belief in progress through revolution. Also, she makes much of the clash of wills and of unintended consequences. Yet from the prehistory of the three revolutions she manages to expunge the role of ideas, of will, of the perhaps mistaken belief that subjective intentions matter, which are, in my reading of this evidence, a part of the struggle that results in successful revolutions, and a part of their achievement as well.

By omitting this sort of evidence, Professor Skocpol has argued in a very sophisticated way for the conception of realpolitik characteristic of 19th-century Prussian historians of whom Otto Hintze (rather than Friedrich Meinecke) was the last and most impressive representative. The author cites Hintze once at the beginning, but by referring to "Marx's theory of revolutions and vision of socialism" as the point of reference for many of her arguments, she seems to show herself unaware of this intellectual debt. Hintze also knew Marx, utilized his perspective on the class struggle, and was critical of much of Marx's approach, just like Professor Skocpol. I mean this comparison in a complimentary way, although Hintze acknowledges the role of men in history as Skocpol does not. But I also mean the comparison in a critical spirit. Hintze was a conservative supporter of the monarchy until his last years when, under the pressure of the Hitler regime, he became a conservative constitutionalist. He was very conscious of the links between present politics and historical interpretation, and he would have thought it wrong to push the insights of structuralism so far as to exclude the role of ideas. Hence he would probably have rejected this book which manages to discuss the French,

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the Russian, and the Chinese revolutions with so strong an emphasis on their structural analogues that the constitutional conceptions that differentiate the three revolutions receive little attention and no emphasis. In this respect, Professor Skocpol's interesting work falls short of the model she uses but fails to acknowledge explicitly. Her approach does not even entitle her to the very muted political hopes expressed in the conclusion. What is the moral and intellectual warrant for a perspective that makes men into mere by-products of their circumstances? Professor Skocpol's book does not raise this question. One wonders why she has such a strong interest in revolutions.

Reinhard Bendix

Reinhard Bendix is professor of political science at the University of California, Berkeley, and author of *Kings or People: Power and the Mandate to Rule* (University of California Press).

Adultery in the Novel: Contract and Transgression by Tony Tanner

(Johns Hopkins; $18.50)

Adultery: dubious joke, custom of the upper class (middle class, lower class . . .), pretext for divorce, reflection of boredom. As a child in Sunday school, I asked why one shouldn't commit it and was told about the evils of diluting food. Tony Tanner, in his careful, ambitious study, restores the concept to full power, complexity, mystery. He writes more about language than about sex; he even considers in passing the dilution of food. And he uncovers previously occluded patterns not only in literature but in Western culture.

Tanner's attention focuses centrally on three continental novels: Rousseau's *Julie, or the New Eloise*, Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. In two of these works, no literal adultery takes place. Julie, after a youthful love affair, marries the man her father has chosen, invites her former lover to her home, and domesticates him into an expanded family luxuriating in high-minded sentiment. The closest approach to adultery in *Elective Affinities* occurs when a husband and wife have sexual relations, each thinking of someone other than the partner of the moment. (But Thomas Mann called this "the most daring and trenchant novel about adultery that the moral culture of the Occident ever produced.") Emma Bovary, of course, violates her marriage vows, but Tanner concentrates less on her sins than on such matters as the description of Charles Bovary's cap early in the novel, the emphasis on items of dress, the plays on words like *rivière* and *cou*. He approaches his subject, in short, by elaborate indirection, varied foci converging at last to clarify the multifold importance of adultery as a novelistic concern.

Adultery in the Novel opens with an "Introduction" occupying more than a fourth of the book and providing its most compelling material and insight. Here Tanner lets his mind range freely, touching on the ambiguous meaning of *guest* in ancient Greek (Paris, archetypal adulterer, exemplifies the union of friend and enemy in the recipient of hospitality), the contrasting attitudes toward adultery in the Old and New Testament, the threats to marriage in Shakespeare's late plays, the role of the father in *Clarissa*. This provocative speculation supplies a context for the detailed investigation of major novelistic texts and establishes the ground assumptions for Tanner's argument.

Tanner sees marriage as the central stabilizing mythology of Western society, supporting his view with such evidence as Vico's account of how civilization derives from matrimony. "Chaos," according to Vico, designates the "confusion of human seeds in the state of the infamous promiscuity of women." No stability could sustain itself when men "were swallowed up by the void because through the uncertainty of offspring they left nothing of themselves." The institution of marriage supplies the central form stabilizing society, but its security derives from and depends on belief. "As the novelists began to scrutinize [the] self-created, self-stabilizing, self-mythologizing society" for which marriage provided the foundation, Tanner argues, "they discovered a series of discontinuities and instabilities that effectively gave the lie to the bourgeois's image of his own society." Contracts generate transgressions; the sanctions attached to violations of marriage guarantee the existence of violations. As the novel-genre concerns itself ever more intensely with marriage's self-destructiveness, the narrative form "finally discovers its own impossibility, and as a result sexuality, narration, and society fall apart, never to be reintegrated in the same way—if, indeed, at all."

So large a claim—that the subject of adultery initiates the decline of the novel and the narrative of adultery leads to the disintegration of sexuality and of society—hardly lends itself to substantiation; for all the authority and interest of Tanner's study he does not fully support his most inclusive case. Causality in such matters eludes definition. If conspicuous threats to marriage and to the bourgeois realistic novel coexist in time, one need not posit causal connections between them, and although a critic may construct ingenious arguments of linkage, such arguments necessarily rest on probability at most. The effort to establish causal connections, to make sense out of disintegration by assuming control of its meaning, reflects the myth-making propensities implicit in the critical act.

The emphasis on "discourse" in Tanner's treatment of Rousseau suggests one aspect of his critical allegiance. In Julie's world, the father controls language and therefore experience; Tanner adduces abundant evidence for his thesis that *Julie* plays variations on a theme of incest. Julie's excitement in describing an angry scene with her father (in which he indiscriminately strikes her and her mother) far exceeds her expressed enthusiasm for her lover; her ecstasy at the subsequent reconciliation strikes an even more reverberant note. When she marries a father-surrogate, he assumes equivalent power over discourse, teaching Julie what to say and what to believe, guiding her toward idealized bourgeois existence, in which open erotic feeling vanishes, no footsteps mar the greensward, and all contributes to the illusion of substantial bliss. At Julie's death, however, the arrangement disintegrates, foretelling uncertainties of subsequent European fiction.

Tanner adumbrates an historical

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argument in his discussion of the central texts. Of course three novels hardly constitute a basis for literary history, and the writer observes due tact in his explicit claims. The sequence of works, however, suggests an increasingly dark view of the possibilities of marriage and of narrative. Goethe's novel, the subject of a short but suggestive chapter, raises explicit questions about the meanings of the mind's ordering through linguistic classification. Readers can find few modes of interpretation, Tanner points out, in which the text has not anticipated them. Its emphasis on mapping, botanizing, classifying; its treatment of metaphors as constraint; its attentiveness to the language which exposes the consequences of relational rearrangement—such registrations help to establish within the novel the link between marriage and language essential to Tanner's critical enterprise. "For just as things have first to be separated to make identification and meaning and orientation in the world possible, and then to be related by certain laws so that the experienced world does not fall apart into monadic fragments; so individuals have first to be separated by family, class, tribe, etc., and then to be related by laws decreeing the class of the marriageable as distinct from the unmarriageable." But the classifications of speech and of social relations prove alike susceptible to undermining. The novel's final scene shows the surviving characters contemplating, with "a kind of anxious feeling," *tableaux vivants* which, by threatening the distinction between life and artifice, raise ontological questions destined to become increasingly perplexed in the intricacies of later psychologizing, later fiction.

Madame Bovary stresses uncertainties, anxieties, confusions, mapping a realm in which adultery has succeeded marriage as the locus of the possible. Tanner's long chapter on the novel defies summary, so rich is it in individual insights. The critic explores his text from many points of view, risking—and occasionally producing—tedium in the obsessiveness of his examination. Always his arguments lead him back to language, which he considers a vital aspect of *Madame Bovary*'s subject.

> The crisis of the meaning of marriage, which [Emma Bovary] experiences, is inextricably involved with, and indistinguishable from, a crisis in the language in and by which she is formed and rent. . . . It is well established by now that in all societies marriage is a very important kind of language; it is perhaps worth reminding ourselves that the converse proposition also applies, so that language is a very important kind of marriage, a marriage between sound and concept, and by extension between speaker and listener.

The kinds of language Emma knows break down, neither words nor concepts providing support or stability, meanings slipping away, ties and contracts dissolving in the verbal as in the marital world. "The triumph of adultery is the destruction of difference": all currencies become equivalent as value disappears.

I have emphasized Tanner's discussion of language, although that is by no means his only subject, because this preoccupation marks both the book's originality and its participation in a recent tradition of critical discourse. Derrida, Saussure, Lacan, Barthes, Foucault, Lévi-Strauss: the authorities Tanner cites can tempt a critic to concentrate on linguistic detail or on social structure, ignoring the vitality and the uniqueness of the individual novel as a whole. Tanner, attending to details and to structure alike, never loses consciousness of the life of the novel or of the life to which novels allude. Comprehending adultery both as social reality and as metaphor for linguistic decay, he maintains a double awareness which preserves his criticism from aridity and gives it meaning beyond its connection with specific texts. Yet he investigates the details of particular works with a delicacy and precision which declare the essential place of direct literary experience, reminding the reader that good criticism finally asserts its value by returning us to the text.

Patricia Meyer Spacks

Patricia Meyer Spacks, professor of English at Yale, is completing a book on the social mythology of adolescence.

Brief Review

So Long, See You Tomorrow by William Maxwell

(Knopf; $7.95)

So Long, See You Tomorrow is a rare truth-telling fiction. Grave, moving, and wise, it presents a vision of life as a tragic order in which passion is fate, choice is illusion, and innocence and guilt have little meaning and no moral relation to suffering. There is no cure for this suffering, since its cause seems to be life, but there is an implied mitigation. This is the retrospective activity of the sympathetic imagination, which cannot change the facts of another's life, but can make their meaning present and in this way create a feeling of solidarity between oneself and others. This activity of the imagination is precious; it is not too much to call it the humanist's version of prayer. But it cannot make everything present, for some situations are so bad as to be unimaginable.

Consider this situation. The time is 1922; the place is Logan County, Illinois. Your name is Cletus Smith. You are a farm boy. And you have had a series of blows. Your father has killed his best friend, a man who had been like a second father to you. But that isn't all because your father has killed himself, too. (It is you who identify his shotgun at the inquest; it is easy to recognize since it is the same make as your bicycle.) And that is not all of it, either, because the man your father killed also was your mother's lover, and without him she is, as she says, "the most miserable woman

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in the world." But still that is not the worst because you have moved to Chicago where nobody remembers your father but where nobody knows you either; and in the corridor of the big Chicago high school you have been snubbed by the one friend you did have back in Logan County. How must you feel at that moment?

That question will always haunt the boy who snubbed you in the corridor, and when he is an old man and full of a lifetime's regret, he will write about you in a book, and of your grief at that time he will say: "In the face of deprivation so great, what is the use of asking him to go on being the boy he was. He might as well start life over as some other boy instead." That is as near as he will come to imagining how you felt. But his book will end with the hope that you weren't destroyed, in the mind and the feelings, by all that happened to you.

In the course of his narrative William Maxwell keeps coming back to the tragedy of Cletus Smith. But along the way he sketches in the sorrows of the minor characters who make up the world around the boy (his dog is one of them). And of course he includes the linked tragedies of the boy's father, who just wanted his wife to love him; of Lloyd Wilson, his father's best friend, whom she did love; and of his mother, who couldn't help the way she felt. The moral focus of the story, however, is on the narrator himself: his grief over the early death of his mother, his envy and anger over his father's second marriage, and his guilt for shunning the unfortunate Cletus—this tangle of emotion makes him the strongest presence in the novel. We accept his story as that of William Maxwell himself, and his book not as a fiction but as a memoir, a sincere offering for that snub 50 years ago. This sense of moral authenticity is the supreme illusion in fiction; something we experience only with the great masters of realism: Flaubert, Tolstoy, Chekhov. Like them, William Maxwell reduces life to its tragic essence without portentousness, that stylistic insistence on the terrible. This is a short novel but only a quantitative theory of art would regard it as slight.

Jack Beatty

Coming:

Garry Wills on Dr. Johnson

Correspondence, *from page 5*

the growing threat that SALT II might lose, done in by our hard-ball senators. We want hard ball, Moscow gives us hard ball.

We need military strength; indeed we do. But we need it along with support everywhere for our Jeffersonian faith, the real weapon of power against the Moscow juggernaut.

Frank A. Sieverman Jr.
Fayette, Alabama

The moral basis for capitalism

To the editors:

Regarding your editorial "Why Pay More?" (*TNR*, December 1): I am glad that you agree that capitalism is a "powerful engine of prosperity," but I object to your implication that it is motivated by a desire to increase the general welfare and that this is its only moral justification.

Let me assume the role of the doctor in your example and give what I perceive as the proper defense of capitalism. Just as I do not benefit myself at my patients' expense, I do not wish for them to benefit at my expense. Instead, I benefit at *my* expense, namely, I sell my services, which I produce with effort, to those who are willing to buy them. Owing to the large amount of training and competence required to execute my profession properly and to the fact that good health is one of my patients' most important values, I expect to be paid well. Neither my patient nor I is working for the general welfare, nor are we measuring our contributions to society; we are exchanging values.

This is the moral basis for capitalism, provided one accepts as his view of the moral one who makes the most of himself and treats honestly those with whom he deals.

Albert M. Myers
Springfield, Illinois

The New Republic Classified

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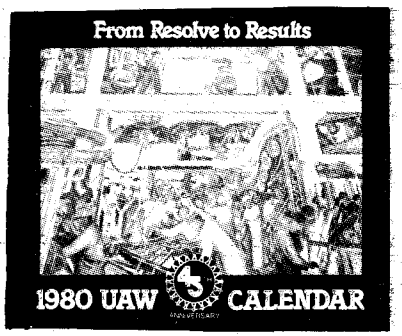

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Polls ordinarily poll opinion. They become absurd, though, when they try gauge the popularity of a purported fact, though this is perfectly fitting in a culture that believes anyone's opinion is as good as the next person's, and that the truth is best measured by the sum of its believers. In two polls, one in mid-December, the other early January, Lou Harris asked whether Americans agreed with the assertion by Senator Kennedy that the shah of Iran ran one of the most repressive regimes in modern times. The first time the question was put, the response was very close. Something like 40 percent of the folks queried didn't think the shah was up there with Hitler and Stalin; a few more thought he was. Less than a month later, the jury came in with a decisive two-to-one verdict. Yes, the last reigning Pahlavi was fully the equal of history's greatest mass murderers. But that's not a matter of opinion. It's a matter of fact, and in this particular case a matter of falsehood. However bad the shah was, and he was bad enough, he was more benign than the folks who currently run Vietnam, to take someone from *their* side of the ideological divide; and more benign also than General Somoza in Nicaragua, fully accredited to *our* side. In putting the question, however, Harris has shown just how parlous Kennedy's excessively adjectival politics can be. The irony is that Kennedy was successful in persuading the people that this little piece of falsehood was true, while he's been anything but successful in persuading the very same people that they should trust his judgment.

It's in the *Physics* that Aristotle developed the notion of an unmoved mover. He wouldn't recognize the uses of the concept in history, particularly in those instances where commentators are trying to fix blame. The *illuminati*, the Masons, the church, the Bolshies, the bankers, all of these at various times have been drafted into service as sufficient explanation for the existence of wickedness in the world. Latterly, the CIA has taken top laurels. An American diplomat of my acquaintance, who served in one of those third world nations that guarantees its supply of American aid by denouncing us as imperialists, told me that whenever there was a drought in that country, the CIA was held culpable; when there were floods, it was the CIA's fault too. Then there are those folk in our own country who are inclined to pin many of America's problems with the world on the Jews. Nowadays the Jews are mostly called Israel. My Cambridge neighbor, Anthony Lewis, has been convinced for years and probably has convinced others in the *New York Times* that Israel is primarily responsible for preventing peace in the Middle East. Peace can come, Lewis has argued, only through Israel's negotiations with the PLO for a Palestinian state on the West Bank. That was his view when he wrote as if Russo-American detente were bursting out all over, a critical and consoling assumption given the client nexus between Arafat and the Kremlin. I gather from a recent column that's still Lewis's view on how to get to peace, though he now seems altogether persuaded that the Soviets are up to no good. Lewis writes in his instructional tone, "Israel must be as concerned as anyone to keep the Soviet Union out of the Persian Gulf." As it happens, the Israelis are even more concerned than most, because they also want to keep the Soviet Union off their own borders. Which is why they were never as sanguine as Tony Lewis about his friends in Beirut. I can't remember whether Lewis ever wrote that the Soviets must be a party to *any* Arab-Israeli peace, but others with views similar to his certainly did. (It even was Carter-Brzezinski policy for a few months.) With Iran and Afghanistan, Lewis's accommodationist analysis of international affairs is in tatters. He even has had to mention Henry Kissinger approvingly, which is some measure of his disarray. But what remains unaffected and constant is Lewis's perception of Israel as the main impediment to America's chosen purposes. That's no longer just peace between Jews and Arabs. Israel's willingness to play Lewis's Palestinian tune, it turns out, is also "an essential element in the political confidence needed to make any American military move in the Persian Gulf effective." This means that Islam's conservatives will only let the US help them on their own terms. Nonsense. The Israelis may have botched a lot, for themselves and others. But America's inability to move firmly and consistently against the nation's adversaries cannot be traced to Israel, a sturdy and willing friend. I suspect that the views made fashionable by the preachy types of whom Anthony Lewis is exemplary have more to do with the current deteriorated state of American security than anything Israel, in focusing on its own special fears, might have done.

The *New York Times* is in high dudgeon at the boycott against the Soviet Union, initiated by the East Coast longshoremen above and beyond the goods embargoed by President Carter and aimed specifically at Russian freighters trying to unload their cargoes in the US. All the usual stuff about how we should have just one foreign policy and contrary actions are "dangerous," "intolerable," "grievous," "deplorable," and so on. Mr. Tony Scotto, a charming man with whom I share a tailor, and who may spend the next few years as a non-paying guest of the feds, probably isn't anybody's idea of a diplomat. But this chieftain of New York's dockworkers also is not the only individual who is creating facts that the State Department would rather create—or not create—on its own. Who can be sure, for example, that the militants holding our personnel hostages are not encouraged to persist by the clerics who return from Tehran urging Americans to do penance for our past sins against Iran? No establishment ever is pleased when amateurs poach on its territory, and in a *free* society amateurs are always trying to push onto someone's professional turf. It gets a little complicated when the establishment's own journalists end up making history in the process of covering it. That's certainly what's happened with network reporting on Iran. What I call "the exploitation of spontaneity," really possible only since the advent of television by satellite, has turned the embassy seizure into vivid images around the world of humiliations inflicted on the US. Jody Powell has been unhappy about it all, and would have liked the private networks to exercise "responsibility"—for which, read restraint—on the airwaves the public owns. In America, that kind of talk is incantational. The administration could have slapped a telecommunications embargo on Iran, cutting it off from the satellites that link the world's enormities with everybody's living rooms. Now the Iranians are doing the equivalent by expelling all American reporters. It's just possible that with the glare reduced, someone in Iran might be able to suggest retreat.

M.P.

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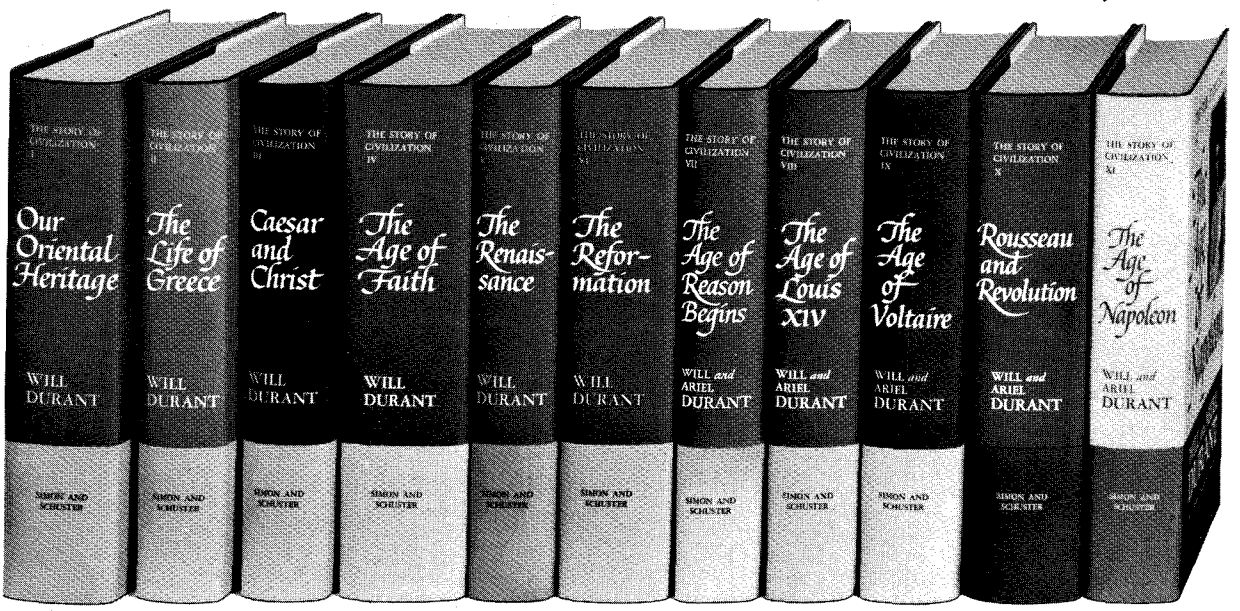

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